The psalter or psalmes of Dauid after the translacion of the greate Bible, poynted as it shall be sayd or songe in Churches.

Prynted at Cantorbury in saincte Paules parysshe by Johñ Mychell.

Cum priuilegio ad imprimendum solum.

M.D.L.

January.

Januarye hath. xxxi. dayes.

xix	A	January Circiß of C		1
viii	b	iiii	No.	2
	c	iii	No.	3
xvi	d	Pridie.		4
v	e	Nonas.		5
	f	viii.	Id. Epiphany	6
xiii	g	vii	Id.	7
ii	A	vi	Id.	8
	b	v	Id.	9
i	c	iiii	Id.	10
	d	iii	Sunne i aquari.	11
xviii	e	Pridie.		12
vii	f	Idus. S Hilari.		13
	g	xix	Kalen. Februa.	14
xv	A	xviii	kl.	15
iiii	b	xvii	kl.	16
	c	xvi	kl.	17
xii	d	xv	kl.	18
i	e	xiiii	kl.	19
	f	viii	kl. Fabian x	20
ix	g	xii	kl. Sauriā mar.	21
	A	xi	kl. Vincent.	22
xvii	b	x	kl.	23
vi	c	ix	kl. Timoth.	24
	d	viii	kl Cō of paul.	25
xiiii	e	vii	kl. Policarpe.	26
iii.	f	vi	kl.	27
	g	v	kl.	28
xi.	A	iiii	kl.	29
xix	b	iii	kl.	30
	c	ii	kl. Pridie	31

Februarie.

Februarie hath. xxviii. dayes.

viii	d	February. Fast.		1
	e	vi.	Purifi of oure	2
xvi	f	v	No. Lady.	3
v	g	iiii	No.	4
	A	iii	No. Agathe.	5
xiii	b	Pridie		6
ii	c	Nonas.		7
	d	viii	Id.	8
x	e	vii	Id.	9
	f	vi	Id.	10
xviii	g	v	Sunne i Pisciby.	11
vii	A	iiii	Id.	12
	b	iii	Id.	13
xv	c	Pridie. Valentyne.		14
iiii	d	Idus.		15
	e	xiiii	Kalen. Marcii.	16
xii	f	xiii	kl.	17
i	g	xii	kl.	18
	A	xi	kl.	19
xi	b	x	kl.	20
	c	ix	kl.	21
xvii	d	viii	kl.	22
vi	e	vii	kl. Fast.	23
	f	vi	kl. Marthy.	24
xiiii	g	v	The place of the	25
iii	A	iiii	kl. leape yere.	26
	b	iii	kl. Augustine.	27
xi	c	Pridie.		28

Marche.

Marche hathe. xxxi. dayes.

xix	d	Marcii.		1
viii	e	vii	No.	2
	f	vi	No.	3
xv	g	v	No.	4
v	A	iiii	No.	5
	b	iii	No.	6
xiiii	c	Pridie.		7
ii	d	Nonas.		8
	e	viii	Id.	9
x	f	vii	Id.	10
xviii	g	vi	Sunne in Ariete.	11
	A	v	Equinoctium.	12
vi	b	iiii	Id. S Grego.	13
	c	iii	Id.	14
xv	d	ii	Id.	15
iiii	e	Idus.		16
	f	xvii	kl	17
xii	g	xvi	kl. Edward.	18
i	A	xv	kl. S. Joseph.	19
	b	xiiii	kl.	20
ix	c	xiii	kl.	21
	d	xii	kl.	22
xvii	e	xi	kl.	23
vi	f	x	kl. Fast.	24
	g	ix	The annue of our	25
xiiii	A	viii	kl. Ladi.	26

Aaa Bb Cc Dd Ee

[illegible]	b	vii	kl.	27
	c	vi	kl.	28
[illegible]	d	v	kl.	29
	e	iiii	kl.	20
[illegible]	f	iii	kl.	21

Aprill hath.xxx. dayes.

viii		Aprilis		1
xvi	A	iiii	No.	2
v	b	iii	No.	3
	c	Pridie	S. Ambrose	4
xiii	d	Nonas		5
ii	e	viii	Id.	6
	f	vii	Id.	7
[illegible]	g	vi	Id.	8
	A	v	Id.	9
xviii	b	iiii	Id. Sunne in	10
vii	c	iii	Id. Tauro	11
	d	Pridie.		12
[illegible]	e	Ions	Kalē. Mati	13
[illegible]	f	xviii	kl. S. Tiburt	14
	g	xvii	kl. Valeriā m.	15
[illegible]	A	xvi	kl. S. Isidor⁹	16
[illegible]	b	xv	kl.	17
	c	xiiii	kl.	18
[illegible]	d	xiii	kl. S. Alphege.	19
	e	xii	martyr.	20
xvii	f	xi	kl.	21
[illegible]	g	x	kl.	22
	A	ix	kl. S. Gorge	23
xiiii	b	viii	kl.	24
[illegible]	c	vii	kl. S. Mark	25
	d	vi	kl.	26
[illegible]	e	v	kl. Anastaci⁹.	27
	f	iiii	kl.	28
[illegible]	g	iii	kl.	29
viii	A	Pridie		30

Maye.

Maye hath.xxxi. dayes.

	b	Philip⁹ Jacob Roo		1
xvi	c	vi	No. Athanasi⁹	2
v	d	v	No.	3
	e	iiii	No.	4
xiii	f	iii	No.	5
ii	g	Pridie. s. John. port		6
	A	Nonas	latin.	7
[illegible]	b	viii	Id.	8
	c	vii	Id.	6
xviii	d	vi	Id.	10
vii	e	v	Id. s. Antony.	11
	f	iiii	Id.	12
xv	g	iii	Id. Sunne in	13
iiii	A	Pride	gemine	14
	b	Idus		15
xii	c	xvii	Kalen. Junii.	16
i	d	xvi	kl. s. barnard.	17
	e	xv	kl.	18
ix	f	xiiii	kl.	19
	g	xiii	kl.	20
xvii	A	xii	kl.	21
xi	b	xi	kl.	22
	c	x	kl.	23
xiiii	d	ix	kl.	24
iii	e	viii	kl.	25
	f	vii	kl.	20
xi	g	vi	kl. S. Bede.	27
	A	v	kl.	28
	b	iiii	kl.	29
viii	c	iii	kl.	30
xvii	d	Pridie		31

June.

June hathe.xxx dayes.

[illegible]	e	Necodeme martyr		1
	f	iiii	No.	2
xiii	g	iii	No.	3
[illegible]	A	Pridie		4
	b	Nonas. s. Boniface		5
[illegible]	c	viii	felowes mar.	6
	d	vii	Id.	7
xviii	e	vi	Id.	8
vii	f	v	Id.	9
[illegible]	g	iiii	Id.	10
	A	iii	Id. s. Barnabe	11
iiii	b	Pridie		12
	c	Id. Sūne i Cancro.		23
xii	d	xviii	k. Julii. Basil.	14
i	e	xvii	kl.	15
	f	xvi	kl.	16
[illegible]	g	xv	kl.	17
	A	xiiii	kl.	18
xvii	b	xiii	kl. celliant.	19

vi	e	xii	kl.		20
	d	xi	kl.		21
xiiii	e	x	kl.	Albane.	22
iii	f	ix	kl.	Fast.	23
	g	viii	kl.	Na of i Jo	24
xi	A	vii.	kl.		25
	b	vi	kl.		26
xix	c	v	kl.		27
viii	d	iiii	kl.	Fast.	28
	e	iii	kl.	Peters Pau.	29
xvi	f	Pridie.		Apostle	30

July.

July hath. xxxi.

v	g				1
	A	vi	No.		2
xiii	b	v	No.		3
ii	c	iiii.	No.		4
	d	iii	No.		5
x	e	ii	No.		6
	f	Nonas			7
xviii	g	viii	Id.		8
vii	A	vii	Id.		9
	b	vi	Id.		10
xv	c	v	Id.		11
iiii	d	iiii	Id.		12
	e	iii	Id.		13
xii	f	ii	The sunne i Leo.		14
i	g	Idus.			15
	A	xvii	kl.		16
ix	b	xvi	kl.		17
	c	xv	kl.		18
xvii	d	xiiii	kl.		19
vi	e	xiii	kl.		20
	f	xii	kl.		21
xxiii	g	xi	Mari Magdalē		22
iii	A	x	kl.		23
	b	ix	kl.	Fast	24
xi	c	viii	James apostle.		25
	d	vii	kl.		26
xix	e	vi	kl.		27
viii	f	v	kl.		28
xvi	g	iiii	kl.		29
v	A	iii	kl.		30
	b	ii	kl.		31

August.

August hath. xxxi.

xiii	c				1
ii	d	No.			2
	e	iii	No.		3
x	f	ii	No.		4
	g		Nonas.		5
xviii	A	viii	Id.		6
vii	b	vii	Id.		7
	c	vi	Id.		8
xv	d	v	Id.		9
iiii	e	iiii	Id.		10
	f	iii	Id.		11
xii	g	ii	Id.		12
i	A	Idus.			13
	b	xix	The Sunne in		14
ix	c	xviii	kl.	Virgo	15
	d	xvii	kl.		16
xvii	e	xvi	kl.		17
vi	f	xv	kl.		18
	g	xiiii	kl.		19
	A	xiii	kl.		20
	b	xii	kl.		21
	c	xi	kl.		22
	d	x	kl.	Fast.	23
	e	ix	Bartholomew		24
	f	viii	kl.		25
viii	g	vii	kl.		26
xvi	A	vi	kl.		27
	b	v	kl.		28
v	c	iiii	kl.		29
	d	iii	kl.		30
xiii	e	ii	kl.		31

Septembre.

September hath xxx.

ii	f				1
	g	Nonas.			2
v	A	iii	No.		3
	b	ii	No.		4
xviii	c		No.		5
vii	d	viii	Id.		6
	e	vii	Id.		7
xv	f	vi	Id.		8
iiii	g	v	Id.		9
	A	iiii	Id.		10
xii	b	iii	Id.		11

f	e	xi	Al Sayntes.	12
	d	x	Iohns.	13
ix	e	xviii	kl.	14
	f	xvii	The sunne in	15
xviii	g	xvi	kl. Libra.	16
vi	a	xv	kl.	17
	b	xiiii	kl.	18
xiii	c	xiii	kl.	19
iii	d	xii	kl. Fast.	20
	e	xi	Mathew	21
xi	f	x	kl. Apostle.	22
xix	g	ix	kl.	23
	a	viii	kl.	24
viii	b	vii	kl.	25
	c	vi	kl.	26
xvi	d	v	kl.	27
v	e	iiii	kl.	28
xiii	f	iii	S. Michiell	29
ii	g	ii	kl.	30

Octobre.

Octobre hath. xxxi. dayes.

g	a	vi	No.	1
	b	v	No.	2
xviii	c	iiii	No.	3
vii	d	iii	No.	4
	e	ii	No.	5
xv	f		No.	6
iiii	g	viii	Id.	7
	a	vii	Id.	8
xii	b	vi	Id.	9
i	c	v	Id.	10
	d	iiii	Id	11
ix	e	iii	Id. S. Edward.	12
	f	ii	The sonne i Scor.	13
xvii	g		Iohns.	14
vi	a	xvii	kl.	15
	b	xvi	kl.	16
xiiii	c	xv	kl. Luke euāgelist.	17
ii	d	xiiii	kl.	18
	e	xiii	kl.	19
x	f	xii	kl.	20
xix	g	xi	kl.	21
	a	x	kl.	22
viii	b	ix	kl.	23
	c	viii	kl.	24
xvi	d	vii	kl.	25
v	e	vi	kl.	26
xiii	f	v	kl.	27
ii	g	iiii	kl.	28
x	a	iii	kl.	29
	b	ii	kl. Fast	30
xviii	c	i	kl.	31

Nouembre.

Nouembre hath. xxx. dayes.

b	d	vi	Halowes hay	1
	e	v	No.	2
xviii	f	iiii	No.	3
vi	g	iii	No.	4
	a	ii	No.	5
xv	b		Monas.	6
iiii	c	viii	Id.	7
	d	vii	Id.	8
xii	e	vi	Id.	9
i	f	v	Id.	10
	g	iiii	Id.	11
ix	a	iii	Id	12
	b	ii	Id.	13
xvii	c	i	Iohns.	14
vi	d	xviii	kl. Sunne in Sa.	15
	e	xvii	kl.	16
xiiii	f	xvi	kl.	17
iii	g	xv	kl.	18
	a	xiiii	kl.	19
xi	b	xiii	kl.	20
xix	c	xii	kl.	21
	d	xi	kl.	22
viii	e	x	kl.	23
	f	ix	kl.	24
xvi	g	viii	kl.	25
v	a	vii	kl.	26
xiii	b	vi	kl.	27
ii	c	v	kl.	28
x	d	iiii	kl.	29
	e	iii	kl.	30
xviii	f	ii	kl. S. Andrew	31

Decembre.

Decembre hath. xxxi. dayes.

xviii	g	i	No.	1
vii	a	iiii	No.	2
	b	iii	No.	3
xv	c	ii	No.	4
iiii	d	i	Monas	5
	e	viii	Id.	6

	xvii	g	Jn.	7					20
ii	f	vi	Jn.	8					21
i	g	v	Jn.	9					22
	a	iiii	Jn.	10					23
ix	b	iii	Jn.	11					24
	c	ii	The Jnnocents.	12					25
xviii	d	Jdus.	S. Lucie.	13					26
vi	e	xix	kl.	14					27
	f	xviii	kl.	15					28
xiiii	g	xvii	kl.	16					29
iii	a	xvi	kl.	17					30
	b	xv	kl.	18					31
	c	xiiii	kl.	19					

	xiii	a						kl.	
	xii	b						kl.	
	xi	c						kl.	
	x	d						kl.	
	ix	e						kl.	
	viii	f						kl.	
	vii	g						kl.	

S. Tomaspo.

Nativitie of C.

S. Steue.

S. Jo. E.

Chilber.

An almanacke for .xviii. yeres.

The firste yeare of	The golden numbre	Epactes	The nombre of yeares
	xi.	xxi. Aprill.	M.d.xlix.
	xii.	vi. Aprill.	M.d.l.
	xiii.	xxix. March	M.d.li.
B	xiiii.	xvii. Aprill.	M.d.lii.
	xv.	ii Aprill.	M.d.liii.
	xvi.	xxv. March	M.d.liiii.
	xvii.	xiiii. Aprill.	M.d.lv.
D	xviii.	v. Aprill.	M.d.lvi.
	xix.	xviii. Aprill.	M.d.lvii.
	i.	x. Aprill.	M.d.lviii.
	ii.	xxvi. March.	M.d.lix.
F	iii.	xviii. Aprill.	M.d.lx.
	iiii.	vi. Aprill.	M.d.lxi.
	v.	xxix. March.	M.d.lxii.
	vi.	xi. Aprill.	M.d.lxiii.
	vii.	ii. Aprill.	M.d.lxiiii.
	viii.	xxii. Aprill.	M.d.lxv.
	ix.	xiiii. Aprill.	M.d.lxvi.

A Table for the order of the Psalmes, to be sayd at Matens and Euēsong.

Matins.	
i.	i. ii. iii. iiii. v.
ii.	ix. x. xi.
iii.	xv. xvi. xvii.
iiii.	xix. xx. xxi.
v.	xxiiii. xxv. xvi.
vi.	xxx. xxxi.
vii.	xxxv. xxxvi.
viii.	xxxviii. xxxxi. xl.
ix.	xliiii. xlv. xlvi.
x.	l. li. lii.
xi.	lvi. lvii. lviii.
xii.	lxii. lxiii. lxiiii.
xiii.	lxviii.
xiiii.	lxxi. lxxii.
xv.	lxxv. lxxvi. lxxvii.
xvi.	lxxx. lxxxi.
xvii	lxxxvi. lxxxvii. xxxviii.
xviii.	xc. xci. xcii.
xix.	xcv xcvi. xcvii.
xx.	cii. ciii.
xxi.	cv.
xxii	cviii.
xxiii.	cx. cxi. cxii. cxiii.
xxiiii	cxvi. cxvii. cxviii.
xxv.	Inde. v.
xxvi.	Inde. v.
xxvii	cxx. cxxi. cxxii cxxiii. cxxiiii. cxxv.
xxviii	cxxvii. cxxviii. cxxxiii. cxxxiiii. cxxxv.
xxix	cxxxix. cxl. cxli.
xxx	cxliiii. cxlv. cxlvi.

Euensong.
vi. vii. viii.
xii. xiii. xiiii.
xviii.
xxii. xxiiii.
xxvii. xxviii. xxix.
xxxii. xxxiii. xxxiiii.
xxxvii.
xli. xlii. xliii.
xlvii. xlviii. xlix.
liii. liiii. lv.
lix. lx. lxi.
lxv: lxvi. lxvii.
lxix. lxx.
lxxiii. lxxiiii.
lxxviii.
lxxxii. lxxxiii. lxxxiiii. lxxxv.
lxxxix.
xciii. xciiii.
xcviii. xcix. c. ci.
ciiii.
cvi.
cviii. cix.
cxiiii. cxv.
cxix. Inde. iiii.
Inde. iiii.
Inde. iiii.
cxxvi. cxxvii. cxxviii. cxxix. cxxx. cxxxi.
cxxxvi. cxxxvii. cxxxviii.
cxlii. cxliiii.
cxlvii. cxlviii. cxlix. cl.

The plalmes

of Dauyd.

The fyrſt Pſalme.

Beatus vir qui non abiit

Bleſſed is that man that hath not walked in the counſayle of the vngodly: nor ſtande in the waye of ſynners & hathe not ſyt in the ſeate of the ſcornefull.

But hys delite is in the lawe of the lorde: and in his lawe wyll he exercyſe him ſelfe daye and nyght.

And he ſhalbe like a tree planted by the water ſyde: that wyll bringe foorthe his fruite in due ſeaſon.

His leafe alſo ſhall not wyther: & loke whatſoeuer he doeth it ſhall proſpere.

As for the vngodly, it is not ſo wyth them: but they are lyke the chaffe which the wynde ſcattereth awaye (from the face of the yearth.)

Therfore the vngodly ſhall not be able to ſtande in the iudgement: neyther the ſinners in the congregacion of the

 righteous

righteous.

But the Lorde knoweth the waye of the righteous: and the waye of the vngodly shall perishe.

The seconde Psalme.

Quare fremuerunt gentes.

Why do the heathen so furiously rage together: and why doo the people imagine a vayne thinge?

The kinges of the yearth stand vp, & the rulers take counsail together: against the lorde, and agaynst his anoynted.

Let vs breake their bandes a sunder: and cast away their coardes from vs.

He that dwelleth in heauē shall laugh them to skorne: the Lorde shall haue them in derision.

Then shall he speake vnto them in hys wrath: and vexe them in hys sore displeasure.

Yet haue I set my kinge: vpon my holy hyll of Syon.

I wyll preache the lawe whereof the lorde hath sayde vnto me: thou arte my sonne, this daye haue I begotten the.

Desire

Desire of me, & I shall geue thee the heathen for thine inheritaunce: and the vttermost partes of the yearthe for thy possession.

Thou shalte bruse theim with a rode of Iron: and breake them in peces lyke a potters vessell.

Be wyse nowe therfore O ye kynges: be learned ye that are iudges of the yearth.

Serue the Lorde in feare: and reioce (vnto him) with reuerence.

Kysse the sonne lest he be angry & so ye perysshe from the (right) waye: yf his wrath be kyndled (ye but a litle) blessed are all they that put their trust in him.

The thirde Psalme.

Domine quid multiplicati.

A Psalme of Dauid when he fled from the face of Absolon his sonne.

LOrde howe are they increased that trouble me: many are they that rise agaynst me.

Many one there be that saye of my soule: there is no helpe for hym in (his)

God.

But thou O Lorde art my defender: thou arte my worshyp, and the lyfter vp of my head.

I dyd call vpō the lorde with my voice: & he harde me out of his holy hyll.

I layd me downe and slept: and rose vp agayne, for the lorde susteined me.

I wyll not be afraide for ten thousandes of people: that haue set theim selfes againste me round about.

Vp lord & helpe, O my God: for thou smiteste all myne enemies vpō the cheke bone, thou haste broken the teeth of the vngodly.

Saluacion belongeth vnto the lorde: and thy blessing is vpon the people.

The fowrth Psalme.

Cum inuocarem.

To him that excelleth in Musike a Psalme of Dauid.

HEare we when I call, O God of my ryghteousnes: thou haste sete me at libertie when I was in trouble, haue mercy vpon me & herken vnto my

prayer

prayer.

O ye cõnes of men how longe wyll ye blaspheme myne honor: and haue such pleasure in vanitie & seke after leasing.

Knowe this also, that the lorde hathe chosẽ to himself the man that is godly: whẽ I cal vpõ the lorde, he wil here me.

Stande in awe, and sinne not: comen with youre owne hearte, and in youre chamber, and be styll.

Offer the sacrifice of righteousnes: & put your trust in the Lorde.

There be many that wyll saye: who wyll shewe vs any good.

Lorde lyft thou vp: the light of thy countenaunce vpon vs.

Thou hast put gladnes in my hearte: sence the tyme that theyr corne & wyne (and oyle) increased.

I wyll lay me doune in peace, & take my rest: for it is thou Lorde only, that makest me dwell in safetie.

The.v. Psalme.

Verba mea auribus.

To him that excelleth in songes of

Muslke

Musicke, a Psalme of Dauid.

PONder my wordes, O lorde: consider my meditacion.

O herken thou vnto the voice of my calling my kyng and my God: for vnto thee will I make my prayer.

My voyce shalt thou heare be tymes O lorde: earely in the morning will I direct my praier vnto the, & will loke vp.

For thou arte the God that hathe no pleasure in wickednes: neither shal any euyll dwell with thee.

Suche as be folyshe, shall not stande in thy sight: for thou hatest al them that worke vanytie.

Thou shalt destroy them that speake leasyng: the lorde will aborre bothe the bloudthirstie and deceitfull man.

But as for me I will come into thy house, euen vpon the multitude of thy mercy: and in thy feare will I worshipe toward thy holy temple.

Leade me, O Lorde, in thy rightwisenes, because of my enemies: make thy waye plaine before my face.

For

For there is no faithfulnesse in his mouthe: their inwarde partes are very wickednes.

Their throte is an opē sepulcre: they flatter with their tongue.

Destroye thou them O God, let them perishe throwe their owne imaginacions: cast them out in the multitude of their vngodlynesse, for they haue rebelled agaynst the.

And let all them that put their truste in the reioyce: they shall euer be geuinge of thākes, because thou defendest them, they that loue thy name shall be ioyfull in the.

For thou lorde wilt geue thy blessyng vnto the ryghteous: and with thy fauorable kyndnes wilt thou defend him, as with a shilde.

The sixt Psalme.

Domine ne.

To him that excelleth in musike, vpon the instrument of eight strynges.

A Psalme of Dauid.

O Lorde, rebuke me not in thine indignacion: nether chasten me in thy displeasure.

Haue mercy vpon me, O Lorde: for I am weake O Lorde heale me, for my bones are vexed.

My soule also is sore troubled: but Lorde how long wilt thou punishe me.

Turne the O Lorde, and delyuer my soule: oh saue me for thy mercies sake.

For in deathe no man remembreth the: who wil geue the thākes in the pytte.

I am weary of my gronynge, euery nyght washe I my bed: and water my couche with my teares.

My beautie is gone for very trouble: and worne awaye because of al my enemies.

Away fro me all ye that worke vanitie: for the Lorde hath harde the voyce of my weppynge.

The Lorde hathe hard my petition: the Lorde will receaue my prayer.

All myne enemyes shall be confounded and sore vexed: they shall be turned backe and put to shame sodenly.

Domine deus meus.

Stigation of Dauid whiche he sang vnto the lorde in the busines of Chus the sonne of Jemini.

O Lorde my God, in the haue I put my truste: saue me from all them that persecute me, and deliuer me.

Least he deuoure my soule lyke a Lion, and teare it in peaces: whyle there is none to helpe.

Oh Lorde my God, if I haue done any suche thynge: or yf there be any wickednes in my handes.

Yf I haue rewarded euyll vnto hym that dealt frēdely with me: yea, I haue delyuered hym, that without any cause is myne enemie.

Then let my enemye persecute my soule and take me: yea, let hym treade my lyfe doune vpon the earthe, and lay myne honoure in the dust.

Stande vp O Lorde, in thy wrath & lift vp thy selfe: because of the indignacions of myne enemyes, arise vp for me in the iudgemente that thou haste commaunded.

maunded.

And so shall the congregacion of the people come aboute the: for their sakes therfore, lyft vp thy selfe agayne.

The lorde shal iudge the people geue sentence with me, O Lorde: according to my righteousnesse, and according vnto the innocencie that is in me.

Oh let the wyckednes of the vngodly come to an end: but guyd thou the iust.

For the righteous God: trieth the very hartes and raynes.

My helpe cometh of God: which preserueth theim that are true of harte.

God is a ryghteous Judge (stronge & patiēt): & God is prouoked euery daye.

Yf a man will not turne, he will whet hys swoorde: he hathe bente hys bowe & made it ready.

He hathe prepared him the instrumētes of death: he ordeyneth hys arowes against the persecutours.

Behold, he trauaileth with mischiefe: he hathe cōceyued sorowe, and broughe furth vngodlynesse.

He

He hathe grauē and digged by a pitt: and is fallen hym selfe into the distruction that he made for other.

For his trauaill shall come vpon his owne hed: and his wickednes shall fall vpon his owne pate.

I will gene thākes vnto the Lord according to his righteousnes: & will prayse the name of the lorde most hyghest.

The. viii. Psalme.

Domine Dominus noster.

To him that excelleth in Githeth.
A Psalme of Dauid.

O Lorde oure gouernor, how excellent is thy name in all the worlde: thou that haste set thy glory aboue the heauens.

Out of the mouth of very babes and sucklinges haste thou ordeyned strengh because of thy enemyes: that thou myghtest kil the enemie & the auēger.

For I wyll cōsider thy heauens euen the workes of thy fyngers: the Moone & the starres which thou hast ordeined.

What is man that thou art mindful

of him: and the sonne of man, that thou visitest him.

Thou madeste hym lower then the angels: to crowne him with glory and worshyppe.

Thou makest him to haue dominion of the workes of thy handes: and thou haste put all thynges in subiection vnder his fete.

All shepe and oxen: yea, & the beastes of the felde.

The foules of the ayre, and the fysshe of the see: and whatsoeuer walkethe thorowe the pathes of the sees.

O Lorde our gouernour: howe excellent is thy name in all the worlde.

The ninth Psalme.

Confitebor tibi.

To him that excelleth vpon Almuth Labben.

A Psalme of Dauid.

I wyll geue thankes vnto the O Lorde with my hole hert: I wyll speake of all thy marueilous workes.

I wyll bee glade, and reioyce in the:

ye

yea, my songes wyll I make of thy name, O thou most hiest.

While myne enemyes are dryuen backe: thei shall fall, and perysshe at thy presence.

For thou hast meinteyned my ryghte and my cause: thou art set in the trone that iudgest ryghte.

Thou hast rebuked the heathen, and destroyed the vngodly: thou haste put out their name for euer and euer.

O thou enemye, destruccions are come to a perpetual end: euē as the cyties which thou hast destroyed, their memoriall is perished with theim.

But the Lorde shall endure for euer: he hathe also prepared hys seate for iudgment.

For he shal iudge the worlde in righteoulnes: and minister true iudgment vnto the people.

The Lorde also wyll be a defence for the oppressed: euen a refuge in due tyme of trouble.

And they that knowe thy name wyll

 put

put their trust in the: for thou lorde hast neuer fayled theim that seke the.

O prayse the lorde, which dwelleth in Sion: shew the people of his doynges.

For when he maketh inquisicion for blude he remembreth them: and forgetteth not the complaynt of the poore.

Haue mercy vpon me (O Lord:) consydre the trouble which I suffre of them that hate me, thou that lyftest me vp from the gates of death.

That I maye shewe all thy prayses within the portes of the doughter of Sion: I wyll reioyce in thy saluacion.

The heathen are sunke downe in the pitte that they made: in the same nette whiche they hyd priuely, is their owne foote taken.

The Lorde is knowen to execute iudgement: the vngodly is trapped in the worke of his owne handes.

The wicked shalbe turned into hell: and all the people that forget God.

For the poore shall not be alway forgotten: the patiente abydynge of the meke

meke shall not perishe for euer.

Up Lorde and let no man haue the vpper hande: let the heathen be iudged in thy syght.

Put theim in feare (O Lorde:) that the heathen may knowe them selues to be but men.

The tenthe Psalme.

Ut quid domine.

Why stādest thou so farre of (o lord): and hydeste thy face in the nedefull tyme of trouble.

The vngodly for his owne lust doth persecute the poore: let theim be taken in the craftye wylynes that they haue imagyned.

For the vngodlye hathe made boaste of hys owne hartes delyte: and speaketh good of the couetous, whom God abhorreth.

The vngodly is to proude that he careth not for God: neyther is God in all his thoughtes.

His wayes are alwaye greuous: thy Iudgementes are farre aboue oute of his

his lyghte, and therfore defieth he all his enemyes.

For he hath layde in his harte: tushe I shall neuer be cast downe, there shall no harme happen vnto me.

His mouthe is full of curlynge and disceyte and fraude: vnder hys tongue is vngodlines and vanitie.

He syttethe lurkynge in the theuyshe corners of the stretes: & preuely in hys lurking dennes dothe he murther the innocēt, his eyes are set against the poore.

For he lyeth waytynge secretly: euen as a Lyon, lurkethe he in hys den that he maye ravyshe the poore.

He dothe ravyshe the poore: when he getteth hym into his nett.

He falleth doune and humbleth hym selfe: that the congregacyon of the poore maye fall into the hande of hys cappytaynes.

He hath sayed in his hart: tushe, God hathe forgotten, he hydeth awaye hys face, and he will neuer se it.

Aryse (O Lorde God) and lyfte vp thyne

thyne hande forget not the poore.

Wherfore shoulde the wicked blaspheme God whyle he dothe saye in hys harte tushe: thou God carest not for it.

Surely thou hast sene it: for thou beholdest vngodlynes and wronge.

That thou maiest take the matter into thy hand: the poore committeth himselfe vnto the, for thou art the helper of the frendlesse.

Breake thou the power of the vngodly malicious: take awaye hys vngodlynes, and thou shalt fynde none.

The Lorde is kynge for euer and euer: and the heathen are perished out of the lande.

Lorde thou hast hard the desire of the poore: thou preparest their harte and thyne eare herkeneth therto.

To helpe the fatherles and poore vnto theire ryghte: that the man of the earth be no more exalted agaynst them.

The. xi. Psalme.

In Domino confido.

To the Chaunter a Psalme of Dauid.

In

IN the Lord put I my truſt: how ſaye ye then to my ſoule, that ſhe ſhulde flee as a byrde to the hyll.

For lo, the vngodly bende their bowe: and make ready theyr arrowes wythin the quiuer, that they maye preuely ſhote at them which are true of harte.

For the foundacions wyll be caſte doune: & what hath the righteous done.

The Lorde is in his holy temple: the lordes ſeate is heauen.

His eies conſyder the poore: and hys eye lyddes tryeth the chyldren of men.

The lorde allowethe the ryghteous: but the vngodly and hym that deliteth in wickednes, doth his ſoule abhore.

Upon the vngodlye he ſhall raygne ſnares, fyre, and brimſtone, ſtorme & tempeſt: theſe ſhalbe their porcio to drynke.

For the ryghtous Lord loueth righteouſnes: his countenaunce wyll beholde the thynge that is iuſt.

The. xii. Pſalme.

Saluum me fac Domine.

To

To hym that excelleth vpon an instrument of eyght strynges a Psalme of Dauid.

HElpe (me) Lorde, for there is not one godlyman left: for the faithfull are minished from among the chyldren of men.

They talke of vanitie, euery one with hys neighbour: they do but flatter with their lippes and dissemble in their double heart.

The Lord shall rote out all disceipt-full lyppes: & the tongue that speaketh proude thynges.

Which haue sayed: with our tongue will we preuayle, we are thei that ought to speake, who is Lorde ouer vs:

Nowe for the comfortles troubles sake of the nedy: & because of the depe syghynge of the poore.

I will vp (sayeth the Lord): and will helpe euery one from him that swelleth agaynst him, and will sette them at rest.

The wordes of the Lorde are pure wordes: euen as the siluer, whiche from earth is tryed and purified seuen tymes

in

in the fyre.

Thou shalte kepe them (O Lorde): thou shalt preserue him from this generacion for euer.

The vngodly walke on euery syde when they are exalted: the chyldren of men are put to rebuke.

The thyrtene Psalme.

Usquequo domine.

To the Chaunter a Psalme of Dauid.

HOw long wilt thou forget me O Lorde, for euer: howe longe wilt thou hyde thy face from me?

Howe long shall I seke counsel in my soule, and be so vexed in my heart: how lōg shal mine enemies triūph ouer me?

Consider and heare me, O Lorde my God: lyghten myne eyes, that I slepe not in death.

Least myne enemye saye I haue preuayled against hi: for if I be cast down, they that trouble me wyll reioyce at it.

But my trust is in thy mercy: and my heart is ioyfull in thy saluacion.

I wyll synge of the Lorde because he

hath

hath delite so louingly with me: (yea, I wyll prayse the name of the Lorde the moste hyghest.)

The xiiij. Psalme.

Dixit insipiens

To the Chaunter a Psalme of Dauid.

The foole hath saied in his heart: there is no God.

They are corrupte, and become abhominable in their doynges: there is not one that doeth good (no not one.)

The Lorde loked doune from heauen vpon the chyldren of men: to se yf there were any that would vnderstande and seke after God.

But they are al gone out of the waye they are altogether become abhominable: there is none that doethe good, no not one.

Their throte is an open sepulchre, with their tongues they haue deceiued: the poyso of aspes is vnder their lypes.

Their mouthe is full of curlyng and bitternesse: their feete are swyfte to shed bloude.

Destruccyon and vnhappynes is in
their wayes: & the Waye of peace haue
they not knowen, there is no feare of
God before their eyes.

Haue they no knowlage that they are
all suche workers of mischiefe: eatyng
vp my people as it were bread.

And call not vpon the Lorde: there
were they brought in great feare (euen
where no feare was) for God is in the
generacion of the ryghteous.

As for you, ye haue made a mocke at
the counsayle of the poore: because he
putteth his trust in the Lorde.

Who shall geue saluacion vnto Is-
raell out of Sion: when the Lorde tur-
neth the capitiuitie of hys people, then
shall Jacob reioyce and Israel be glad.

The. xv. Psalme.

Domine quis habitabit.

To the chaunter a Psalme of Dauid.

LOrde who shall dwell in thy ta-
bernacle: who shall rest vpō thy
holy hyll.

Euen he that leadeth an vncorrupte
life:

lyke: & doeth the thynge which is ryghte, and speaketh the truethe frō hys heart.

He that hathe vsed no deceyte in hys tongue: nor done euell to his neighboz, & hath not slaūdered his neighbozs.

He that setteth not by hym sylfe, but is lowly in his owne eyes: and maketh muche of them that feare the Lozde.

He that sweareth vnto his neighboze and dilapoynteth hym not: thoughe it were to his owne hynderaunce.

He that hathe not geuen hys moneye vnto vsery: nor taken rewarde against the innocent. (fall.

Who so doth these thiges: shal neuer

The. xvi. Psalme.

Conserua me Domine.

The badge or armes of Dauid.

PReserue me, O God: for in thee haue I put my trust.

O my soule thou haste sayed vnto the Lozde: thou arte my God, my goodes ar nothynge vnto thee.

All my delyght is vpon the sayntes that are in the yearthe: and vpon suche

as excell in vertue.

But they that runne after another God: shall haue great trouble.

Their drynke offerynges of bloude wyll not I offre: neither make mencion of their names within my lyppes.

The Lorde himselfe is the porcion of myne inheritaunce and of my cuppe: thou shalt maintaine my lotte.

The lotte is fallen vnto me in a fayre ground: yea I haue a goodly heritage.

I wyll thanke the Lorde for geuynge me warnynge: my reines also chasten me in the night season.

I haue set God alwayes before me: for he is on my ryght hande, therfore I shall not fall.

Wherfore my hearte was glade, and my glory reioyced: my flesshe also shall rest in hope.

For why? thou shalte not leaue my soule in hell: neither shalte thou suffre thy holy one to see corrupcion.

Thou shalt shew me the path of lyfe: in thy presence is the fulnesse of ioye, and

and at thy ryght hand there is pleasure for euermore.

The. xvii. Psalme.

Exaudi domine iusticiam.

A prayer of Dauid.

HEare the ryght, O lorde, consider my complaynte: and herken vnto my prayer that goethe not out of fained lyppes.

Let my sentence come furthe from thy presence: and let thyne eyes looke vpon the thynge that is equall.

Thou haste proued and visited myne heart in the night season, thou hast tried me, and shall fynde no wickednes in me: for I am vtterly purposed that my mouth shall not offende.

Because of mennes workes that are doen againg the wordes of thy lyppes: I haue kepte me from the wayes of the destroyer.

O holde thou vp my goynges in thy pathes: that my footesteppes slyp not.

I haue called vpon thee, O God, for thou shalt heare me: incline thyne eare

to me, and harken vnto my wordes.

Shew thy meruaylous louyng kindnes, thou that art the sauioure of them that truste in thee: from suche as resiste thy ryght hande.

Kepe me as the apple of an eye: hyde me vnder the shadowe of thy wynges.

From the vngodly that trouble me: myne enemyes compasse me rounde aboute to take awaye my soule.

They are inclosed in theyr owne fat: & their mouth speaketh proud thynges.

They lye waytynge in oure Waye on euery syde: turning their eyes downe to the grounde.

Lyke as a Lyon that is greadye of hys pray: & as it were a Lyons whelpe lurkyng in secrete places.

Vp lorde, disapoynt him and cast him doune: delyuer my soule from the vngodly, whiche is a sworde of thyne.

From the men of thy hande, O Lorde from the men I saye, and from the euill worlde: whiche haue theyr porcyon in this lyfe, whose belies thou fillest wyth thy

thy hyd treasure.

They haue chyldren at theyr desyre: and leaue the reaste of theyr substaunce for their babes.

But as for me, I will beholde thy presence in ryghteousnes: and when I awake vp after thy likenes I shall be satisfied with it.

The. xvii. Psalme.

Deligam te Domine.

To the Chaunter of Dauid the seruaunt of the Lorde, which spake vnto the Lorde the wordes of this song (in the day that the lord deliuered him from the hande of his enemyes, & from the hand of Saule) and he sayd

I will loue the, O Lord, my strēgth, the Lord is my stony rock, and mi defence, my sauioure, my God, and my mighte, in whom I wyll trust: my buckler, the horne also of my saluacion, and my refuge.

I wyll call vpon the Lorde whiche is worthy to be prayed: so shall I be safe fro myne enemyes.

The sorowes of deathe cōpassed me: and the ouerflowynges of vngodlynes

 made

made me afrayde.

The paynes of hell came aboute me: the snares of death ouertoke me.

In my trouble wyll I call vpon the Lorde: and complayne vnto my God.

So shall he heare my voyce out of his (holy) temple: and my complaint shall come before hym, it shall entre euen into his heares.

The earthe trẽbled & quaked: the very foundacions also of the hylles shoke & were remoued, because he was wroth

There went a smoke oute of hys presence: and a consumyng fyre out of hys mouth, so that coles were kindled at it.

He bowed the heauens also and came doune: & it was darke vnder his fete.

He roade vpon the Cherubyns and did flye: he came flyenge vpon the wynges of the wynde.

He made darkenes hys secrete place: his pauliõ round aboute hi with darke water & thicke cloudes to couer him.

At the bryghtnes of hys presence, his cloudes remoued: hayle stones, and coles

coles of fyer.

The lorde also thundered out of heauen: and the highest gaue his thunder, haylestones and coles of fyer.

He sent out his arowes and scatered them: he cast forth lightenynges, and destroyed them.

The sprynges of waters were seen: & the foũdaciõs of the round world were discouered at thy chyding, O lord, at the blastyng of the breth of thy displeasure.

He shal send doun frõ the heith to fetch me: & shal take me out of many waters.

He shall delyuer me from my strongest enemy, and from them whiche hate me: for they are to mighty for me.

They preuented me in the daye of my trouble: but the lord was my vpholder.

He brought me furth also into a place of lybertye: he brought me furthe, euen because he had a fauour vnto me.

The Lorde shal reward me after my righteous dealing: accoding to the cleanes of my hãdes shall he recõpence me.

Because I haue kepte the wayes of

the

the Lorde: and haue not forsaken my God as the wycked dothe.

For I haue an eye vnto all his lawes and wyll not cast out hys commaundementes from me.

I was also vncorrupte before hym: & eschewed myne owne wyckednes.

Therfore shall the Lorde reward me after my ryghteous dealynge: and according vnto the cleanesse of my handes in his syghte.

With the holy thou shalte be holy: & with a perfect mā thou shalt be perfect.

With the cleane thou shalt be cleane: & with the frowarde thou shalte learne frowardnesse.

For thou shalte saue the people that are in aduersyte: and shalte bringe downe the hye lokes of the proude.

Thou shalte lyghte my candell: the Lorde my God shall make my darknesse to be lyght.

For in the I shall discomforte an host of men: and with the helpe of my God, I shall leape ouer the wall.

The

The waye of God is an vndefyled waye, the woorde of the Lorde also is tried in the fyer: he is the defender of all them that put their trust in him.

For who is God but the lorde: or who hath any strength excepte our God:

It is God that gyrdethe me wyth strengthe of warre: and makethe my waye perfect.

He maketh my feete lyke hartes feet: and setteth me vp on hye.

He teacheth my handes to fight: and myne armes shall breake, euen a bowe of steele.

Thou haste geuen me the defence of thy saluacion: thy right hand also shall holde me vp, and thy louyng correction shall make me great.

Thou shalt make roume ynough vnder me for to go: that my foote steppes shall not slyde.

I wyll folowe vpon myne enemyes and ouertake them: neither wil I turne agayne, tyll I haue destroyed them.

I wyll smyte them, that they shal not

be able to stand but fall vnder my feet.

Thou haste gyrded me with strength vnto the battayle: thou shalte throwe doune myne enemyes vnder me.

Thou hast made myne enemyes also to turne theyr backes vpon me: and I shall destroye them that hate me.

They shall cry, but there shal be none to helpe them: yea, euen vnto the Lord shall they cry, but he shal not heare thē.

I will beate them as smal as the dust before the wynde: I wyll cast them out as the clay in the stretes.

Thou shalte deliuer me from the striuynges of the people: and thou shalte make me the heade of the heathen.

A people whom I haue not knowen: shall serue me.

Assone as they heare of me, they shal obey me: but the straunge chyldren shal dissemble with me.

The straunge children shal fade: and be afrayde out of their prisons.

The Lorde liueth: and blessed be my stronge helper, & praysed be the God of my

my saluacion.

Euē the God which seeth that I be auēged: & subdueth the people vnto me.

It is he that deliuerethe me from my (cruell) enemyes, and settethe me vp aboue myne aduersaries: thou shalt ryd me from the wicked man.

For this cause I wyll geue thankes vnto thee, O lorde, among the Gētiles: and syng prayse vnto thy name.

Great prosperitie geueth he vnto his kynge: and sheweth louinge kyndnesse vnto Dauid hys anoynted, and vnto his seede forevermore.

The. xix. Psalme.

Cœli narrant.

To the Chaunter a Psalme of Dauid.

The heauens declare the glory of God: & the firmament sheweth his handy worke.

One daye tellethe another: and one night certifieth another.

There is neither speche nor lāguage. but their voices are heard amonge thē.

Their sounde is gone into all lan-

des: and their wordes into the endes of the worlde.

In them hathe he set a tabernacle for the sonne: whiche commeth forthe as a brydegrome oute of his chaumbre, & reioyseth as a giaũt to runne his course.

It goethe forthe from the vttermoste part of the heauen, and runneth aboute vnto the ende of it agayne: and there is nothyng hyd from the heate thereof.

The lawe of the Lorde is an vndefyled lawe conuertyng the soule: the testimony of the Lorde is sure, and geuethe wysdome to the symple.

The statutes of the Lorde are ryghe and reioyce the harte: the commaundement of the Lorde is pure, and geuethe light vnto the eyes.

The feare of the Lord is cleane, & endureth for euer: the iudgementes of the Lorde are true & righteous altogether.

More to be desired are they then gold, yea then muche fyne golde: sweter also then hony and the hony combe.

Moreouer, by theim is thy seruaunte taught:

taught and in kepyng of theim, there is great reward.

Who can tell howe ofte he offendeth: O clense thou me frō my secrete fautes.

Kepe thy seruante also from presūpteous synnes lest they get the dominion ouer me: so shall I be vndefiled, and innocent from the great offence.

Let the wordes of my mouthe, and the meditacion of my hart: be (alway) acceptable in thy sighte.

O Lorde: my strength & my redemer.

The. xx. Psalme of Dauid.

Exaudiat te deus.

To the Chaunter, a Psalme of Dauid.

The Lorde heare thee in the daye of trouble: the name of the God of Jacob defende thee.

Send thee helpe from the sanctuary: and strength the out of Syon.

Remembre all thy offeringes: and accept thy brent sacrifice.

Graunt thee thy heartes desyre: and fulfyll all thy mynde.

We wil reioyce in thy saluacion: and

triumphe in the name of the Lorde our God: the lorde perfourme al thy peticiõs.

Now know I that the Lord helpeth his anoynted, and will heare him from his holy heauen: euen with the wholsome strength of his ryght hande.

Some put their trust in charets, and some in horses: but we wyll remember the name of the Lorde our God.

They are brought doune and fallen: but we are rysen, and stand vpright.

Saue Lorde, and heare vs O kynge of heauen: when we call (vpon thee.)

The. xxi. Psalme.

Domine in virtute tua.

To the Chaunter, a Psalme of Dauid.

The kynge shall reioyce in thy strength O Lorde: excedyngly glad shall he be of thy saluacion.

Thou haste geuen hym hys heartes desyre: and hast not denyed hym the request of his lyppes.

For thou shall preuente him with the blessynges of goodnesse: and shalt set a croune of pure golde vpon his heade.

He

He asked lyfe of thee and thou gauest him a longe lyfe: euen for euer and euer.

His honour is great in thy saluacion: glory and great worshyp shalt thou lay vpon him.

For thou shalt geue him euerlastyng felicitie: and make him glade with the ioye of thy countenaunce.

And why? because the kynge putteth his trust in the Lorde: & in the mercy of the most hyest, he shall not miscary.

Al thine enemies shal feele thy hand: thy ryght hande shall fynde oute theim that hate thee.

Thou shalte make them lyke a fierie ouen in tyme of thy wrathe: the Lorde shall destroye theim in his displeasure, and the fyre shall consume them.

Their fruite shalte thou roote oute of the earth: and their seede from amonge the chyldren of men.

For they intended mischefe agaynste thee: and ymagined suche a deuice as they are not able to perfourme.

Therfore shalte thou put theim to

flight: & the stringes of thy bowe shalte thou make redy agaynst the face of thē.

We thou exalted Lorde, in thy owne strengthe: so wyll we synge and prayse thy power.

The. xxii. Psalme.

Deus deus meus.

MY God, my god (loke vpon me:) why hast thou forsaken me, and arte so farre from my helthe, and from the wordes of my complainte.

O my God, I cry in the day tyme but thou hearest not: & in the nighte season also I take no rest.

And thou continuest holye: O thou worshyp of Israell.

Our fathers hoped in thee, thei trusted in thee: and thou dyddest deliuer them.

They called vpon thee, and were helped: they put theyr truste in thee & were not confounded.

But as for me I am a worme and no man: a verie scorne of men, and the outcast of the people.

All they that see me, laughe me to scorne

scorne: they shote out their lyppes and shake their heade sayenge.

He trusted in God that he woulde delyuer hym: let hym delyuer hym, yf he will haue him.

But thou arte he that toke me oute of my mothers wombe: thou waste my hope when I hanged yet vpon my mothers brestes.

I haue been lefte vnto thee euer synce I was borne: thou arte my God euen from my mothers wombe.

O go not from me, for trouble is here at hand: & there is none to helpe me.

Many orē are come about me: fat bulles of Basan close me in on euery syde.

They gape vpon me with their mouthes: as it were a rāping & roring lion.

I am poured oute lyke water, and all my bones are oute of ioynt: my hart also in the myddes of my bodye is euen lyke meltyng ware.

My strēgth is dried vp like a potsherd & my tongue cleueth to my gūmes: & thou shalt bryng me into the dust of death.

For

For (many) dogges are come aboute me: and the councell of the wycked lay syege agaynst me.

They pearsed my handes and my feete: I may tel all my bones, they stãde staryng and lokyng vpon me.

They parte my garmentes amonge them: and cast lottes vpon my vesture.

But be not thou far from me, o lorde: thou art my succor, hast thee to help me.

Delyuer my soule from the sworde: my derlyng from the power of the dog.

Saue me from the lyons mouthe: thou hast hearde me also from amonge the hornes of the vnicornes.

I will declare thy name vnto my brethren: in the myddes of the congregacion wyll I prayse thee.

O prayse the lorde ye that feare him: magnifie hym all ye of the seede of Jacob, & feare ye him al ye seede of Israell.

For he hathe not despysed nor abhorred the lowe estate of the poore: he hath not hyd his face from him, but when he called vnto him, he heard him.

My

My prayse is of thee in the great congregacion: my vowes wyll I perfourme in the syght of them that feare him.

The poore shall eate and be satisfied: they that seeke after the Lorde shall praise him, your heart shal liue for euer.

All the endes of the worlde shall remembre themselues, and be turned vnto the Lorde: and all the kynreds of the nacions shall worshyp before him.

For the kyngdome is the Lordes: & he is the gouernor among the people.

All suche as be fat vpon earth: haue eaten and worshipped.

All they that go doune into the dust shall kneele before him: & no man hath quickened his owne soule.

My seede shall serue him: they shalbe counted vnto the lorde for a generacio.

They shall come, and the heauens shall declare his ryghteousnesse: vnto a people that shall be borne, whome the Lorde hath made.

The. xxiii. Psalme of Dauid.

Dominus regit me.

The

THe Lorde is my shepheerd: therfore can I lacke nothyng.

He shall feede me in a grene pasture: and leade me furthe besyde the waters of confort.

He shall conuerte my soule: and bring me furthe in the pathes of ryghteousenesse, for his name sake.

Yea, though I walke thorow the valley of the shadow of death: I will feare no euil, for thou art with me, thy rodde and thy staffe comforte me.

Thou shalt prepare a table before me agaynste theim that trouble me: thou hast anoynted my heade with oyle, and my cup shallbe full.

But (thy) louynge kyndenesse and mercy shall folowe me all the dayes of my lyfe: and I wyll dwell in the house of the Lorde for euer.

The. xxiiii. Psalme.

Domini est terra.

A Psalme of Dauid in the fyrst daye of ỹ Sabboth.

THe earthe is the Lordes, and all that therein is: the cõpasse of the worlde

worlde, and they that dwell therin.

For he hath founded it vpō the seas: and prepared it vpon the floudes.

Who shall ascende into the hyll of the Lorde: or who shall ryse vp in hys holy place?

Euen he that hath cleane handes and a pure hart: and that hathe not lifte vp his mynde vnto vanitye, nor swoorne to disceyue his (neighbour.)

He shall receyue the blessyng from the Lorde: & ryghteousnesse from the God of his saluacion.

This is the generacion of theim that seeke hym: euen of theim that seeke thy face, O Jacob.

Lyfte vp your heades, O ye gates: & be ye lyfte vp ye euerlastyng doores, and the kyng of glory shall come in.

Who is the kynge of glorye: it is the Lorde, stronge and myghtye, euen the Lorde, mightie in battayle.

Lyfte vp youre heades (O ye gates:) and be ye lyft vp ye euerlastyng doores, and the kyng of glory shall come in.

Who

Who is the kynge of glory: euen the Lorde of hostes, he is the king of glory.

The. xxv. Psalme of Dauid.

Ad te domine leaui.

VNto thee (O Lorde) will I lyfte vp my soule, my God I haue put my truste in thee: O let me not be confounded, neither let myne enemyes triumphe ouer me.

For all they that hope in thee shal not be ashamed: but suche as transgresse without a cause shal be put to cõfusion.

Shew me thy wayes, O Lorde: and teache me thy pathes.

Leade me furthe in thy truthe, and learne me, for thou arte the God of my saluacyon: in thee hathe been my hope all the daye longe.

Call to remembraunce (O Lord) thy tendre mercies: & thy louynge kyndnesses whiche haue been euer of olde.

Oh remembre not the synnes and offences of my youth: but accordyng to thy mercye thynke thou vpon me (O Lorde) for thy goodnes.

Gracious

Gracious & righteous is the lord: therfore will he teache synners in the way.

Them that be meke shall he guyde in iudgemēt: and suche as be gentle, them shall he learne his waye.

All the pathes of the Lorde are mercy and truthe: vnto suche as kepe hys couenaunt and his testimonies.

For thy names sake O Lorde: be mercifull vnto my sinne, for it is great.

What man is he that feareth the Lorde: him shall he teache in the waye that he shall chose.

His soule shall dwel at ease: and hys seede shall inherite the lande.

The secrete of the Lorde is amonge them that feare him: and he will shewe them his couenaunt.

Myne iyes are euer lokynge vnto the Lorde: for he shall plucke my feete out of the net.

Turne thee vnto me, & haue mercy vpon me: for I am desolate & in misery.

The sorowes of my hart are ēlarged: O bryng thou me out of my troubles.

Looke

Looke vpon myne aduerſitie and my-
ſery: and forgeue me all my ſynne.

Conſider myne enemyes howe many
they are: and they beare a tyrannous
hate againſt me.

O kepe my ſoule, and delyuer me: let
me not be confounded, for I haue putte
my truſt in thee.

Let perfitenes and ryghteous dea-
lyng wayte vpon me: for my hope hath
been in thee.

Delyuer Iſraell O God: oute of all
his troubles.

The. xxvi. Pſalme.

Iudica me domine.

A Pſalme of Dauid, afore he was enbalmed.

BE thou my iudge, O Lorde, for I
haue walked innocenly: my truſt
hath been alſo in the lorde, therfore ſhal
I not fall.

Examine me O Lord, and proue me:
trye out my reynes and my harte.

For thi louing kindnes is before mine
eyes: and I wyll walke in thy truethe.

I haue not dwelte wyth vayne per-
ſones

whiche cruelly, disdaynfully, and spyte-fully, speake agaynst the righteous.

O howe plentifull is thy goodnesse whiche thou haste layde vp, for theim that feare thee: and that thou haste prepared for theim, that put their truste in thee, euen before the sonnes of men.

Thou shalte hyde them priuelye by thyne owne presence frome the proudkyng of all men: thou shalte kepe them secretely in thy tabernacle, frō the stryfe of tonges.

Thankes be to the Lorde: for he hath shewed me marueylous great kyndnes in a strong cytie.

And when I made hast, I said: I am cast out of the syght of thyne eyes.

Neuertheles, thou heardest the voyce of my prayer: when I cryed vnto thee.

O loue the lord, all ye hys sainctes: for the lord preserueth them that are fayth-full, and plenteously rewardeth he the proude doer.

Be strong, and he shall stablishe your hart: all ye that put your trust i the lord.

The. xxxii. Psalme.

Beati quorum.

An instruccion of Dauid.

BLessed is he, whose ighteoul-
nes is forgeuen: and whose synne
is couered.

Blessed is the man, vnto whome the
Lord imputeth no sinne: and in whose
spirite there is no gyle.

For whyle I helde my tongue: my
bones consumed awaye throughe my
dayly complaynynge.

For thy hand is heauy vpon me daye
and nyghte: and my moysture is lyke
the droughte in Summer.

I will knowledge my sinne vnto thee:
& myne vnrightoulnes haue I not hyd.

I sayd, I will confesse my synnes vn-
to the lorde: and so thou forgauest the
wickednesse of my synne.

For this shall euery one that is god-
ly, make his prayer vnto thee: in a tyme
when thou maiest be founde, but in the
great water floudes they shall not come
nye him.

Thou

Thou art a place to hyde me in, thou shalte preserue me from trouble: thou shalte compasse me aboute with songes of delyueraunce.

I will enfourme thee, and teache thee in the waye wherin thou shalte go: and I wyll guyde thee with myne eye.

Be not lyke Horse and Mule, whiche haue no vnderstandynge: whose mouthes muste be holden with bitte and bridle, lest they fall vpon thee.

Greate plages remayne for the vngodly: but whoso putteth his trust i the lorde, mercy embraceth hi on euery syde.

Be glade, O ye righteous, and reioyce in the Lorde: and be ioyfull all ye that are true of heart.

The. xxxiii. Psalme.

Exultate iusti in domino.

REioyce in the Lorde O ye righteous: for it becometh well the iuste to be thankefull.

Prayse the Lorde with harpe: synge Psalmes vnto hym with lute and instrument of ten strynges.

Syng vnto the Lorde a newe songe: syng prayses lustely (vnto him) with a good courage.

For the worde of the Lorde is true: & all his workes are faythfull.

He louethe ryghteousnes and iudgement: the yearth is full of the goodnes of the Lorde.

By the worde of the Lord are the heauens made: and all the hoostes of them by the breath of his mouth.

He gathereth the waters of the sea together as it were vpon a heape: & laieth vp the depe as in a treasure house.

Let all the yearthe feare the Lorde: stande in awe of hym, all ye that dwell in the worlde.

For he spake, and it was done: he cōmaunded, and it stode faste.

The Lorde bryngeth the counsayle of the heathen to nought: and maketh the deuises of the people to be of nōe effecte, (& castteth out the coūsailes of princes.)

The counsayle of the Lorde shall endure for euer: and the thoughtes of his heart

hearte from generacion to generacion.

Blessed are the people whose God is the lord Jehouah: & blessed are the folke & haue chosen hī to be their inheritaūce.

The lorde loked doune frō heauen, & beheilde all the chyldren of men: frō the habitacion of his dwellynge he considereth all them that dwell in the yearth.

He fashioneth all the heartes of them: and vnderstandeth all their workes.

There is no kynge that can be saued by the multitude of an hooste: neyther is any mighty man delyuered by muche strength.

A horse is counted but a vayne thyng to saue a man: neyther shall he delyuer any man by his great strength.

Beholde, the eye of the lorde is vpon theim that feare hym: and vpon theim that put their trust in his mercy.

To deliuer their soules from death: & to fede them in the tyme of dearth.

Oure soule hath pacientlye taryed for the lorde: for he is our helpe & our shild.

For our heart shall reioyce in him: be-

 cause

cause we hoped in his holy name.

Let thy mercyfull kyndnesse, O lorde, be vpon vs: lyke as we haue put oure trust in thee.

The. xxxiiii. Psalme.

Benedicam dominum.

Of Dauid when he chaunged his speache before Abimelech, which droue him awaye, and he departed.

I will alway geue thākes vnto the Lorde: his prayse shall euer be in my mouthe.

My soule shall make her boost of the lorde: the humble shall heare therof and be glade.

O prayse the Lorde with me: and let vs magnifye his name together.

I sought the lorde, and he hearde me: yea, he deliuered me out of all my feare.

They had an eye vnto hi, & were lightened: & their faces were not ashamed.

Lo, the poore cryeth, and the Lorde heareth hym: yea, and saueth hym out of all his troubles.

The Angel of the lord taryeth round aboute theim that feare hym: and deliuereth

liuereth them.

O taste & se, howe gracious the Lorde is: blessed is the mā that trusteth in hi.

O feare the lorde, ye that be his saincts: for they that feare hi lacke nothing.

The lyons do lacke, & suffre hunger: but they which seke the lorde shal want no maner of thynge that is good.

Come ye chyldrē & herken vnto me: I will teach you the feare of the Lorde.

What man is he that lusteth to lyue and woulde fayne se good dayes: kepe thy tongue from euyll, and thy lyppes that they speake no guyle.

Eschue euyll and do good: seke peace and ensue it.

The eyes of the Lorde are ouer the ryghtous: and his eares are open vnto their prayers.

The countenaunce of the Lorde is against them that do euill: to rote out the remēbraunce of them from the yearth.

The ryghteous crye, and the Lorde heareth them: and deliuereth them out of all their troubles.

The

The lorde is ney vnto theim that are of a contrite heart: and wyll saue suche as be of an humble spirite.

Great are the troubles of the ryghteous: but the Lorde deliuereth him out of all.

He kepethe all hys bones: so that not one of them is broken.

But misfortune shall slaie the vngodly: and they that hate the ryghteous, shall be desolate.

The Lorde delyuereth the soules of hys seruauntes: and all they that put their truste in him shall not be destitute.

The. xxxv. Psalme.

Judica domine nocentes.

¶ Of Dauid.

PLeade thou my cause, O Lorde, with them that stryue wyth me: and fight thou agaynst them that fyght agaynste me.

Lay hande vpon the shylde and bucler: stand vp to helpe me.

Bryng forth the spere and stoppe the waye agaynste them that persecute me:

saye

saye vnto my soule, I am thy saluacion.

Let theim be confounded and put to shame that seke after my soule: let them be turned backe, and broughte to confusion, that imagyne mischiefe for me.

Let theim be as the duste before the winde: and the Angell of the lorde scatteryng them.

Let their way be darke and slippery: and let the Angell of the lorde persecute them.

For they haue preuely layde their net to destroye me withoute a cause: euen without a cause haue they made a pitte for my soule.

Let a sodaine destruccion come vpon hym vnawares, & his net that he hathe layde priuely catche hymselfe: that he maye fall into his owne mischiefe.

And my soule be ioyfull in the Lorde it shall reioyce in his saluacion.

All my bones shall saye, lorde who is lyke vnto thee, whyche delyuereste the poore from hym that is to stronge for hym: yea, the poore and hym that is in

misery

misery, from him that spoyleth him.

False witnes dyd ryse vp: they layed to my charge thinges that I knewe not.

They rewarded me euyll for good: to the great discomforte of my soule.

Neuertheless, when they were sycke I put on sacke clothe, and humbled my soule with fastyng: and my praier shall turne into myne owne bosome.

I behaued my selfe as thoughe it had been my frende or my brother: I wente heuely, as one that mournethe for hys mother.

But in myne aduersitie they reioyced, and gathered theim together: yea, the very abiectes came together against me vnawares makynge mowes at me and ceased not.

With the flatterers were busy mockers: whiche gnashed vpon me wyth their teeth.

Lorde, howe longe wylte thou loke vpon this: O deliuer my soule from the calamyties whiche they bringe on me, and my dearlyng from the lyons.

So

So wyll I geue thee thankes in the greate congreacion: I wyll prayse thee amonge muche people.

O let not them that are mine enemies tryumphe ouer me vngodly: neyther lette them winke with theyr eyes that hate me without a cause.

And why? their communynge is not for peace: but they imagine disceipefull wordes agaynste theim that are quiet in the lande.

They gaped on me with theyr mouthes, and said: fye on thee, fye on thee, we sawe it with our eyes.

This thou hast sene O Lorde: holde not thy tongue then, go not farre fro me, O Lorde.

Awake and stande vp to iudge my quarell: auenge thou my cause, my God and my Lorde.

Judge me, O Lorde my God, accordyng to thy ryghteousnes: and let them not triumphe ouer me.

Let them not saye in their heartes, there, there, so wold we haue it: neither

let

let them say, we haue deuoured him.

Let them be put to confusiō & shame together, that reioyce at my trouble: let them be clothed with rebuke & dishonour that boaste themselues agaynste me.

Let them be glad and reioyce that fauoure my ryghteus dealynge: yea, let them saye allwaye, blessed be the Lorde whiche hath pleasure in the prosperytie of hys seruaunte.

And as for my tongue, it shall be talkynge of thy ryghteousnes: and of thy prayse all the daye longe.

The. xxxvi. Psalme.

Dixit iniustus.

To the chaunter of Dauid the seruaunt of the Lorde.

MY heart sheweth me the wyckednesse of the vngodly: that there is no feare of God before his eyes.

For he flatterethe hym selfe in hys owne sight: till his abhominable sinne be founde out.

The wordes of his mouth are vnrighteous

teous & ful of discrete: he hath lefte of to behaue hym selfe wysely & to do good.

He imagineth mischef vpō his bed, & hathe set hiself in no good way: neither doth he abhorre any thing that is euell:

Thy mercy, O Lorde, reacheth vnto the heauen: & thy faithfulnes vnto the cloudes.

Thy righteousnes standeth lyke the stronge mountaines: thy iudgementes are lyke the greate depe.

Thou lorde shalt saue both man and beast, how excellēt is thy mercie O god: and the chyldren of men shall put their trust vnder the shadow of thy winges.

They shalbe satisfyed wyth the plenteousnesse of thy house: and thou shalte geue theim drynke of thy plesures as oute of the ryuer.

For wyth the is the well of life: and in thy lyght, shall we se ighte.

O cōtinue forth thy louynge kindnes vnto thē that know thee: and thy ryghteusnes vnto thē that are true of hart.

O let not the foote of pryde come a-

gaynst

gaynst me: and let not the hande of the vngodly cast me doune.

They are fallen(all) that worke wickednes: they are caste doune and shall not be able to stande.

The.xxxvii. Psalme.

Noli emulari.

A Psalme of Dauid.

FRet not thy selfe because of the vngodly: neyther be thou enuyous agaynst the euyll doers.

For they shall sone be cut doune lyke the grasse: and be withered euen as the grene herbe.

Put thou thy trust in the Lorde, and be doynge good: dwell in the lande and verely thou shalte be fed.

Delyte thou in the Lord: and he shal geue thee thy heartes desyre.

Committe thy waye vnto the Lorde, and put thy truste in hym: and he shall bryng it to passe.

He shall make thy ryghteousnes as cleare as the lyght: and thy iust dealing as the none daye.

Holde

Holde thee styll in the Lorde & abyde paciently vpon hym: but greue not thy selfe at him whose waye dothe prosper, agaynste the man that doeth after euyll counsayles.

Leaue of from wrathe and let go displeasure: fret not thy selfe, elles shalte thou be moued to do euyll.

Wicked doers shalbe rooted out: and they that pacyentlye abyde the Lorde, those shall enherite the lande.

Yet a litle whyle and the vngodlye shalbe cleane gone: thou shalte loke after his place, and he shabe a waye.

But the meke spirited shall possesse the earth: & shalbe refreshed in the multitude of peace.

The vngodlye seeketh counsayle against the iust: and gnasheth vpon him with his teeth.

The Lorde shal laugh him to scorne: for he hath seen, that his daye is comig.

The vngodly haue drawne oute the swearde, and haue bended theyr bowe: to cast downe the poore and nedye, & to

slay suche as be of a right conuersacion.

Their swearde shall go thorow their owne hart: & their bowe shalbe broken.

A smal thig that the rightous hath: is better then great riches of the vngodly.

For the armes of the vngodly shalbe broke: & the lord vpholdeth ỹ rightous.

The lord knoweth the daies of ỹ godly: & their inheritaũce shal endure for euer.

They shall not be confounded in the perilous tyme: & in the dayes of darthe they shall haue ynough.

As for the vngodly, they shall perisshe, and the enemies of the Lorde shall consume as the fat of lambes: yea euen as the smoke shall they consume away.

The vngodly borroweth and payeth not agayne: but the ryghteous is mercifull and liberall.

Suche as be blessed of God shall possesse the lande: and they that be cursed of him shalbe roted out.

The Lorde ordereth a good mans goyng: and maketh hys waye acceptable to him selfe.

Though

Though he fall, he shall not be cast awaye: for the Lorde vpholdethe hym with his hande.

I haue ben yonge and nowe am olde: & yet I sawe neuer the ryghteous forsaken, nor his seede beggyng their breade.

The ryghteous is euer mercifull, and lendeth: and his seede is blessed.

Flye from euyll & do the thynge that is good: and dwell for euer.

For the lorde loueth the thyng that is ryght: he forsaketh not his that be godly, but they are preserued for euermore.

(The vnrighteous shalbe punished:) as for the seede of the vngodly, it shalbe rooted out.

The righteous shal enherite the lãde: and dwell therin for euer.

The mouth of the ryghteous is exercised in wysedome: and his tongue will be talkyng of iudgement.

The lawe of his God is hys harte: & his goynges shall not slyde.

The vngodly seeth the ryghteous: & seketh occasion to slay him.

The lord will not leaue hi in his hād: nor condemne him when he is iudged.

Hope thou in the lorde, and kepe hys waye, & he shall promote the: that thou shalte possesse the lande, when the vngodly shall perysshe, thou shalte se it.

I my selfe haue seen the vngodlye in great power: and florishing like a grene Bay tree.

I went by, and loo, he was goen: I soughte hym, but (his place) coulde no where be founde.

Kepe innocencie, and take hede vnto the thynge that is ryghte: for that shall bryng a man peace at the last.

As for the transgressours they shall perisshe together: and the end of the vngodly is, they shalbe roted out at ỹ last.

But the saluacyon of the ryghteous commeth of the Lorde: whyche is also theyr strength in the tyme of trouble.

And the Lorde shall stande by theim, and saue theim: he shall delyuer theim from the vngodly, and shall saue them, because they put theyr trust in him.

The

The. xxxviii. Psalme.

Domine ne in furore.

A Psalme of Dauid for remembraunce.

PUt me not to rebuke (O Lorde) in thyne angre: neyther chasten me, in thy heauy displeasure.

For thyne arowes sticke faste in me: and thy hande prelleth me lore.

There is no helth in my flesshe, because of thy displeasure: neyther is there any rest in my bones, by reason of my sinne.

For my Wickednesses are goen ouer my heade: and are lyke a lore burthē, to heuy for me to beare.

My woundes stynke & are corrupte: through my folishnes.

I am brought into so greate trouble and miserie: that I go mourning al the daye longe.

For my loynes are fylled with a lore disease: and there is no whole parte in my body.

I am feble and lore smytten: I haue roared for the very disquietnes of my heart.

Lorde thou knowest all my desyre: and my gronynge is not hyd from thee.

My hart panteth, my strengthe hathe fayled me: and the lyghte of myne eyes is goen from me.

My louers and my neyghbours dyd stand lokyng vpon my trouble: and my kynsmen stode a farre of.

They also that soughte after my lyfe, layd snares for me: & they that went about to do me euill, talked of wickednes and imagyned deceite all the day longe.

As for me, I was lyke a deafe man & hearde not: and as one that is domme which doth not open his mouth.

I became euen as a man that heareth not: and in whose mouthe are no reprofes.

For in thee, O Lorde, haue I put my trust: thou shalt answer for me, O lorde my God.

I haue required, that they (euen myne enemyes) should not triumph ouer me: for when my foote slypte, they reioyced greatly agaynst me.

And

And I truly am set in the plage: and my heuynes is euer in my syght.

For I wyll confesse my wyckednes: and be sory for my synne.

But myne enemyes lyue & are myghty: and they that hate me wronfullye, are many in nomber.

They also that rewarde euill for good, are agaynste me: because I folowe the thyng that good is.

Forsake me not (O Lorde my God:) be not thou farre fro me.

Hast thee to helpe me: O Lord (God) my saluacion.

The .xxxix. Psalme.

Dixi custodiam vias.

To the Chaunter Jeduthun, A Psalme of Dauid.

I Sayde, I wyll take hede to my wayes: that I offende not in my tongue.

I wyll kepe my mouthe (as it were with a brydle:) while the vngodly is in my syght.

I held my tongue, & spake nothyng: I kepte

kept silence, yea euē from good wordes, but it was payne and greefe to me.

My heart was hote within me, and whyle I was thus mulynge: the fyer kyndeled, and (at the last) I spake with my tongue.

Lorde, let me knowe myne ende, and the numbre of my dayes: that I may be certified howe long I haue to lyue.

Behold, thou hast made my daies as it were a spanne longe: & myne age is euē as nothing in respect of the, & verely euery man liuing is altogether vanitie.

For mā walketh in a vayne shadowe and disquieteth hymselfe in vayne: he heapeth vp ryches and can not tel who shall gather them.

And nowe Lorde, what is my hope: truly my hope is euen in thee.

Delyuer me from all myne offences: & make me not a rebuke vnto the folyshe.

I became dumme, and opened not my mouth: for it was thy doyng.

Take thy plague awaye fro me: I am euen consumed by the meanes of thy heuye

heuy hande.

When thou with rebukes doest chasten man for synne, thou makest hys beautie to consume awaye, lyke as it were a moth frettynge a garmente: euery man therfore is but vanitye.

Heare my prayer, O lorde, and wyth thine eares consider my callynge: holde not thy peace at my teares.

For I am a straunger wyth thee, and a sotourner: as my father were.

Oh spare me a litle, that I maye recouer my strength: before I go hence and be nomore seen.

The.xl.Psalme

Expectans expectaui.

To the Chaunter A Psalme of Dauid.

I waited pacientlye for the lorde and he enclined vnto me, and hearde my callyng.

He brought me also out of the horrible pit, out of the myre & claye: & set my fete vpō the rocke & ordred my goinges.

And he hath put a newe songe in my mouth: euen a thankes geuynge vnto

oure God.

Many shall se it and feare: and shall put theyr trust in the Lorde.

Blessed is the man that hathe set hys hope in the Lorde: and turned not vnto the proude. and to suche as go about wyth lyes.

O Lord my god, great are thy wonderous woorkes, whiche thou hast done: lyke as be also thy thoughtes whiche are to vs warde, and yet there is no mā that ordreth them vnto thee.

If I wolde declare them, and speake of them: they shoulde be mo then I am hable to expresse.

Sacrifice and meate offerynge thou wouldest not haue: but myne eares hast thou opened.

Burnte offerynges and sacrifice for synne hast thou not required: then sayd I, lo, I come

In the volume of the boke it is wrytten of me, that I should fulfyll thy wyl, O my God: I am content to do it, yea, thy lawe is wythin my harte.

I haue

I haue declared thy righteoulnes in the great cõgregacion: lo, I wyll not refrayne my lippes, O lord, and that thou knowest.

I haue not hid thy righteoulnes within my heart: my talkynge hathe been of thy trueth and of thy saluacion.

I haue not kept backe thy louyng mercy & trueth: from the great congregaciõ.

Withdrawe not thou thy mercy fro me O Lorde: let thy louinge kyndnes and thy truth alway preserue me.

For innumerable troubles are come aboute me my sinnes haue taken suche holde vpon me, that I am not hable to loke vp: yea they are mo in numbre thẽ the heares of my heade, and my hearte hath fayled me.

O lorde, let it be thy pleasure to delyuer me: make hast (O lord) to helpe me.

Let them be ashamed and confounded together that seke after my soule to destroy it: let them be dryuen backward and put to rebuke that wishe me euill.

Let them be desolate and rewarded

wyth shame that saye vnto me fie vpon thee, fye vpon thee.

Let all those that seke thee, be ioyfull and glad in thee, & let suche as loue thy saluacio say alway, the lord be praysed.

As for me, I am poore and nedye: but the Lorde careth for me.

Thou arte my helper and redemer: make no longe tarienge (O my God:)

The. xli. Psalme.

Beatus qui intelligit.

To the Chaunter a Psalme of Dauid.

BLessed is he that considereth the poore (and nedy): the Lorde shall deliuer hym in the tyme of trouble.

The lorde preserue him and kepe him alyue, that he maye be blessed vpon yearth: and deliuer not thou him into the wyll of his enemies.

The Lorde comfort him, when he lyeth sicke vpon his bed: make thou all his bed in his sickenes.

I sayde Lorde be mercyfull vnto me: heale my soule, for I haue synned agaynst thee.

Myne

Myne enemyes speake euyll of me when shall he dye, & his name perysshe:

And if he come to se me, he speaketh vanitie: and his heart conceyueth falsehod wythin hym selfe, and when he cõmeth foorth he telleth it.

All myne enemies whysper together agaynste me: euen againste me do they imagyne this euyll.

Let the sentence of giltynes procede agaynst him: and nowe that he lyeth, let hym ryse vp no more.

Yea euen myne owne familiar frend whom I trusted, (which did also eate of my bread) hath laied great wait for me.

But be thou mercifull vnto me (O lord:) rayse thou me vp agayne, and I shall rewarde them.

By this I knowe thou fauourest me: that myne enemye doeth not triumphe agaynste me.

And when I am in helth, thou vpholdest me: and shalte set me before thy face for euer.

Blessed be the Lorde God of Israell:

worlde wythout ende. Amen.

The.xlii. Psalme.

Quemadmodum.

To the Chaunter, a moncion of the sonnes of Corah.

LYke as the harte desireth the water brokes: so longeth my soule after the (O God).

My soule is a thurst for God, yea euen for the liuynge god: when shall I come to appeare before the presence of God?

My teares haue bene my meate daye and nyght: whyle they dayly saye vnto me, where is nowe thy God?

Nowe when I thinke there vpon I powre out my harte by my selfe: for I went wyth the multitude, and brought them forth into the house of God.

In thee voyce of prayse & thankes geuinge: amonge suche as kepe holy daie.

Why arte thou so full of heuynes (O my soule:) and why arte thou so vnquiet wythin me.

Put thy trust in God: for I wyll yet geue him thankes, for thee helpe of hys countenaunce.

countenaunce.

My God, my soule is vexed within me: therfore wyll I remembre thee, concernynge the lande of Jordane, and thee lytle hyll of Hermon.

One depe calleth another, because of the noyse of thy water pypes: all they waues & stormes are gone ouer me.

The lorde hath graunted his louinge kyndnes: on the daye tyme and in thee night season dyd I sing of hym, & made my prayer vnto the God of my lyfe.

I wyl say vnto the god of my strēgth, why haste thou forgotten me: why go I thus heuely, whyle the enemye oppresseth me?

My bones are smytten a sunder as with a sworde: whyle myne enemyes (that trouble me) cast me in the teth.

Namely whyle they saye dayly vnto me: Where is nowe thy God.

Why art thou so vexed (o my soule) & why art thou so disquieted wythin me?

O put thy truste in God: for I wyll yet thanke hym whiche is the helpe of

my countenaunce, and my God.

The.xliii. Psalme.

Judica me deus.

GEue sentence wyth me (O god) & defende my cause against the vngodly people: O delyuer me from the deceytfull and wycked man.

For thou arte God of my strength, why haste thou put me from the: and why go I so heuely, whyle the enemye oppresseth me?

Oh send out thy light and thy trueth, that they maye leade me: and bryng me vnto thy holye hyll, & to thy dwellynge.

And that I may go vnto the alter of God, euē vnto the God of my ioye and gladnes: & vpon the harpe wyll I geue thankes vnto thee (O God) my God.

Why art thou so heuy (O my soule:) & why art thou so disquieted wythi me?

O put thy trust in God: for I wyll yet geue him thankes, whiche is the helpe of my countenaunce, and my God.

The.xliiii. Psalme.

Deus auribus nostris.

To the Chaunter an instruccion of the sonnes of Corah.

WE haue hard w our eares (O God) oure fathers haue tolde vs: what thou hast done in theyr tyme of olde.

Howe thou hast dryuen out the heathen wyth thy hand, and planted theim in: howe thou hast destroyed the nacyons, and cast theim out.

For they gat not the lande in possession throughe theyr owne swoorde: neyther was it theyr owne arme that helped theim.

But thy ryght hande, & thyne arme and the lyght of thy countenaunce: because thou haddest a fauor vnto them.

Thou arte my kyng (O God:) sende helpe vnto Jacob.

Through thee wyll we ouerthowe oure enemies: and in thy name wyll we tread thē vnder that rise vp against vs.

For I wyll not trust in my bowe: it is not my swoorde that shall helpe me.

But it is thou that sauest vs frome our enemy: and puttest theim to confu-

sion

sion that hate vs.

We make oure boast of god all daye longe: & wyll prayse thy name for euer.

But nowe thou art farre of, and puttest vs to confusion: and goest not forth with our armyes.

Thou makest vs to turne our backes vpon our enemyes: so that they whiche hate vs spoyle our goodes.

Thou lettest vs be eaten vp lyke shepe: and hast scatteredst vs among the heathen.

Thou sellest thy people for naughe: and takest no money for them.

Thou makest vs to be rebuked of our neighbours: to be laughed to scorn, and had in derision, of them that are rounde aboute vs.

Thou makest vs to be a byworde amonge thee heathen: & that the people shake theyr heades at vs.

My cõfusion is dayly before me: & the shame of my face hath couered me.

For the voyce of the slaũderer & blasphemer: for the enemy and auenger.

And

And though all this be come vpō vs, yet do we not forget the: nor behaue our selues frowardly in thy couenaunt.

Oure harte is not turned backe: neyther our steppes gone out of thy waye.

No not when thou haste smitten vs into the place of dragons: and couered vs wyth the shadowe of death.

If we haue forgotten thee name of oure god, and holden vp our handes to any straunge god: shall not god serche it out? for he knoweth the very secretes of the hearte.

For thy sake also are we killed all the daye long: and are counted as shepe appoynted to be slayne.

Vp lord why slepest thou: awake and be not absent from vs for euer.

Wherfore hidest thou thy face: and forgettest our misery and trouble.

For oure soule is brought lowe euen vnto the duste: oure belly cleueth vnto the grounde.

Aryse and helpe vs: and deliuer vs for thy mercy sake.

The

The.xlv. Psalme.

Eructauit cor meum.

To hym that excelleth amonge the lilyes, an instruccion of the chyldren of Corah, a songe of loue.

My harte is endytynge of a good matter: I speake of the thynges whiche I haue made vnto the kynge.

My tongue is the penne: of a redye wryter.

Thou arte fayrer then the children of men: full of grace are thy lyppes, because God hathe blessed the for euer.

Gyrde the wyth thy swerd vpon thy thygh (O thou moste myghtie:) accordynge to thy worshyp and renowne.

Good lucke haue thou with thine honoure: ryde on because of the Worde of truth, of mekenes and righteoulnes, & thy ryght hande shall teach thee terryble thynges.

Thy arrowes are very sharpe, and the people shalbe subdued vnto thee: euen in the middest amonge the kynges enemyes.

Thy seate (O God) endureth for euer

uer: the scepter of thy kyngedome is a ryght scepter.

Thou hast loued righteoulnes, and hated iniuiqtie: wherfore God enen (thi god) hath anointed thee wyth the Oyle of gladnes aboue thy felowes.

All thy garmentes smell of Myrre: Aloes, & Cassia, out of ỹ yuery palaces wherby they haue made thee glad.

Kynges daughters were amõg thi honorable wemẽ: vpõ thy ryght hand dyd stande the Quene in a vesture of golde (wrought aboute wyth diuerse colors.)

Herken (O daughter) and consyder: enclyne thyne eare: forget also thyne owne people, and thy fathers house.

So shall the kynge haue pleasure in thy bewtye: for he is thy Lorde (God) and worship thou hym.

And the daughter of Tire shall bee there With a gyft, lyke as the rych also among the people shall make their supplicacion before thee.

The kinges doughter is all glorious within: her clothynge is of wroughte golde.

golde.

She shalbe brought vnto the kynge in raiment of nedle worke: the virgins that be her felowes, shal beare her companye: and shalbe brought vnto the.

With ioye and gladnes shall they be brought: & shall enter into the kynges palace.

In steade of thy fathers thou shalte haue children: whom thou maist make princes in all landes.

I wyll remembre thy name from one generacion vnto an other: therfore shall the people gene thākes vnto the worlde without ende.

The.xlvi.Psalme.

Deus noster refugium.

To the Chaunter a songe for the children of Corah vpon Alamoth.

GOd is oure hope and strength: a very present helpe in trouble.

Therfore wyll not we feare, though the earth be moued: & though the hylles be caried into the myddest of the sea.

Though the waters therof rage and

swell

swell: & though the mountaynes shake at the tempest of the same.

The ryuers of the fludde therof shall make glade the cytie of God: the holy place of the tabernacle of the most hiest.

God is in the myddest of her, therfore shall she not be remoued: God shall helpe her, and that right early.

The heathen make muche a doe, and the kyngedomes are moued: but God hathe shewed hys voyce, and the earthe shall melte away.

The Lorde of hoostes is with vs: the God of Jacob is oure refuge.

O come hither, and beholde the workes of the Lorde: what destruccion he hathe brought vpon the earthe.

He maketh warres to ceasse in all the world: he breaketh the bowe and knappeth the speare in sunder, and burneth the chariotes in the fyre.

Be styll then and knowe that I am God: I wylbe exalted amonge the heathen, and I wylbe exalted in the earthe.

The Lorde of hoostes is with vs, the God

God of Jacob is our defence.

The.xlvii.Psalme.

Omnes gentes plaudite.

To the Chaunter A Psalme for the chyldren of Corah

O Clap youre handes together (all ye people:) O syng vnto god with the voyce of melody.

For the lorde is hye & to be feared: he is the greate kyng vpon all the earth.

He shall subdue the people vnder vs: and the nacions vnder our fete.

He shall chose out an herytage for vs: euen the worshyp of Jacob whom he louyd.

God is gone vp with a mery noise: & the Lorde With the soũd of the trompe.

O syng prayses, syng prayses vnto (our) God: O synge prayses, syng prayses vnto our kynge.

For god is the kynge of all the earth: singe ye prayses with vnderstandyng.

God raygneth ouer the heathen: god sitteth vpon his holy seate.

The princes of the people are ioyned vnto

vnto the people of the God of Abrahā: for God (whiche is very hye exalted) doth defende the earth as it were wyth a shyelde.

The.xlviii.Psalme.

Magnus dominus.

A songe of a Psalme of the childzen of Cozah, (in the seconde daye of our Sabboth.)

GReate is the lozde, and hyghely to be prazled: in the cytie of our God euen vpon his holy hyll.

The hyl of Sion is a fayze place, and thee ioye of the whole earth: vpon thee Nozth syde lyeth the cytie of thee greate kyng, God is well knowen in her palaces as a sure refuge.

Foz lo, the kynges of the earth: are gathered and gone by together.

They maruayled to se suche thynges: they were astonied, & sodēly cast doune.

Feare came there vpon them and sorowe: as vpō a womā in her trauayle.

Thou shalt breake the shyppes of the sea: thzough the East wynde.

Lyke as we haue harde, so haue we

lene in the citye of the Lorde of hoostes, in the cytie of our God: god vpholdeth the same for euer.

We wayte for thy louinge kyndnesse, O God: in the myddes of the temple.

O God accordyng vnto thy name, so is thy praise vnto the worldes ende: thy ryght hande is full of righteousnes.

Let the mount Syon reioyce, and the doughters of Juda be glade: because of thy iudgementes.

Walke aboute Syon, and go rounde aboute her: and tell the towers therof.

Marke well her bulwarkes, set vp her houses: that ye maye tel them that come after.

For this God is our god for euer and euer: he shalbe our guyde vnto death.

The. xlix. Psalme.

Audite hec gentes.

To the Chaunter a Psalme for the chyldren of Corah.

O heare ye this, all ye people: ponder it wyth your eares, all ye that dwell in the worlde.

Hye and lowe, ryche and poore: one wyth another.

My mouth shall speake of wysdome: & my harte shal muse of vnderstãding.

I wyll enclyne myne eare to the parable: and shewe my darke speache vpon the harpe:

Wherfore should I feare in the daies of wyckednesse: and when the wyckednesse of my heles compasseth me round aboute.

There be some that put theyr trust in theyr goodes: and boost them selues in the multitude of theyr rychesse.

But no man may deliuer his brother: nor make a grement vnto God for him.

For it cost more to redeme their soules: so that he must let that alone for euer.

Yea, though he lyue longe: and see not the graue.

For he seeth that wysemen also dye, and perysshe together: as well as the ignoraunte and foolysshe, and leaue theyr ryches for other.

And yet they thynke, that theyr hou-

les shall continue for euer: & that their dwellinge places shall endure from one generacion to another, and call the landes after their owne names.

Neuertheless: man wyll not abyde in honor: seyng he maye be compared vnto the beastes that perysshe, this is the waye of them.

This is their foolysshnesse: and their posteritie prayse their sayinge.

They lye in the hel lyke sheepe, death gnaweth vpon them, and the righteous shall haue dominacion of them in the mornyng: their beautie shal consume in the sepulchre out of their dwellynge.

But God shal delyuer my soule from the place of hell: for he shall receyue me.

Be not thou afrayde though one bee made riche: or yf the glory of his house be encreased.

For he shall cary nothing away with hym when he dyeth: neyther shall hys pompe folowe hym.

For whyle he lyued, he counted hymselfe an happy man: and so longe as thou

thou doest well vnto thy selfe, men wyll speake good of the.

He shal folowe the generacions of his fathers: and shall neuer se lyghte.

Man beinge in honor, hath no vnderstandynge: but is compared vnto thee beastes, that perysshe.

The.l. Psalme.

Deus deorum dominus.

A Psalme of Asaph.

THe Lorde, euen the most myghtye God: hath spokē & called the worlde from the rysyng vp of the sonne vnto the goyng downe therof.

Out of Syon hath God appered: in perfecte beautie.

Oure God shall come and shall not kepe sylence: there shall go before hym a consumyuge fyer, and a mighty tempest shalbe styrred vp rounde aboute him.

He shal call the heauen from aboue: & the erth, that he maye iudge his people.

Gather my saynctes together vnto me: those that haue made a couenaunte wyth me, wyth sacrysyce.

And the heauens shall declare hys righteousnes: for god is iudge himselfe.

Heare, O my people, & I wyll speake: I my selfe wyll testifye agaynst thee O Israell for I am God euen thy God.

I wyl not reproue the, because of thy sacrifices, or for thy burntofferinges: because they were not alway before me.

I wyll take no bullocke out of thy house: nor he goates out of thy foldes.

For all the beastes of the forest are myne: and so are thee catelles vpon a thousande hylles.

I knowe al the foules vpō the mountaynes: and thee wylde beastes of thee fielde are in my syght.

If I be hungry I wyl not tell thee: for thee whole worlde is myne and all that therin is.

Thinkest thou that I will eate bulles flesh: and drynke the bloud of goates.

Offre vnto god thankes geuing: and pay thy vowes vnto the most hiest.

And call vpon me in the tyme of trouble: so wyll I heare thee, and thou shalt

prayse

prayse me.

But vnto thee vngodly sayde God: why doest thou preache my lawes and takest my couenaunte in thy mouth:

Where as thou hatest to be reformed: and hast cast my wordes behynde thee.

When thou sawest a theke, thou consentedst vnto him: and hast bene partaker wyth the aduouterers.

Thou hast let thy mouth speake wickednesse: & wyth thy tongue thou hast set furth deceite.

Thou sattest and spakest agaynst thy brother: yea, & hast slaūdered thyne owne mothers sonne.

These thinges hast thou done, and I held my tongue: and thou thoughtest (wyckedly) that I am euen suche a one as thy selfe: but I wyll reproue the and set before thee, the thynges that thou hast done.

O consydre thys, ye that forget God: leste I plucke you awaye and there bee none to deliuer you.

Who so offereth me thankes and

praise:

prayse, he honoreth me: and to hym that ordereth his conuersacion right, wyll I shewe the saluacion of God.

The. li. Psalme.

Miserere mei deus.

¶ To the Chaunter a Psalme of Dauid, when the Prophete Nathan came vnto hym after he was gone in to Bathsabe.

HAue mercye vpon me (O GOD) after thy greate goodnesse: according vnto the multitude of thy mercies dooe away myne offences.

Washe me thoroughly fro my wyckednesse: and clense me from my sinne.

For I knowlege my fautes: and my synne is euer before me.

Agaynst thee only haue I synned and done this euyll in thy syght: that thou myghtest be iustyfied in thy saying, and cleare when thou arte iudged.

Behold I was shapē in wyckednes: & in sinne hath my mother conceiued me.

But lo, thou requirest trueth in the inwarde partes: and shalt make me to vnderstand wysdome secretly.

Thou shalt pourge me wyth Isop, & I shal

that may do hurt: O thou falle tongue.

Therfore shall god destroy thee for euer: he shall take thee, & plucke thee out of thy dwellyng, and roote thee oute of the lande of the lyuynge.

The righteous also shall se this, and feare: and shall laugh hym to skorne.

Lo, this is the man that toke not god for his strengthe: but trusted vnto thee multitude of his riches, and strengthed himselfe in his wickednes.

As for me I am lyke a grene Olyue tree in the house of God: my trust is in the tender mercy of god for euer & euer.

I wyl alway geue thankes vnto the, for that thou hast doen: & I wyl hope in thy name, for thy sayntes lyke it well.

The. liii. Psalme.

Dixit insipiens

To the Chaunter vpon Mahalah, an instruccion of Dauid.

The foolyshe body hathe sayde in his heart: there is no God.

Corrupte are they, & become abhomynable in theyr wyckednes: there is none

that doth good.

God loked downe from heauen vpon the childrē of mē: to se if there were any that wold vnderstand & seke after god.

But they are all gone out of the way, they are altogether become abhomynable: there is also none that doeth good, no not one.

Are not they without vnderstanding that worke wickednes: eatyng vp my people as if they wolde eate bread, they haue not called vpon God.

They were afrayed, where no feare was: for god hath broken the bones of him that besieged the, thou hast put thē to confusion because god hath despised them.

Oh that the saluacion were geuē vnto Israel out of Syō: oh & the lord wold delyuer his people out of captiuitie.

Then should Jacob reioyce: and Israell should be righe glad.

The.liiii.Psalme.

Deus in nomine tuo.

To thee Chaunter in melodies, an instruccion of Dauid when the zephites came and

sayde

layde vnto Saule: hath not Dauid hid him selfe amonge vse

SAue me (O God:) for thy names sake: & auēge me in thy strength.

Heare my prayer (O God:) & herken vnto the wordes of my mouth.

For straungers are risen vp agynst me: and tyrantes (whiche haue not god before theyr eyes) seke after my soule.

Behold, god is my helper: thee Lorde is with them that vpholde my soule.

He shall reward euill vnto myne enemyes: destroy thou them in thy truth.

An offerynge of a free hearte wyll I geue thee, & prayse thy name (O lorde:) because it is so comfortable.

For he hathe deliuered me out of all my trouble: & myne eye hath seen his desyre vpon myne enemyes.

The .lv. Psalme.

Exaudi deus.

To the Chaunter in melodyes, an instruccion of Dauid.

HEare my prayer (O God:) & hyde not thy selfe from my petycion.

Take hede vnto me and heare me how

I mourne in my prayer, and am vexed.

The enemy crieth so, and the vngodly commeth on so fast: for they are mynded to do me some mischiefe, so malycyously are they set agaynst me.

My hearte is disquieted within me: & the feare of death is fallen vpon me.

Fearefulnesse and tremblynge are come vpon me: and an horrible dreade hath ouerwhelmed me.

And I sayde, O that I had wynges lyke a doue: for thē would I flye awaye, and be at rest.

Lo, then wolde I get me awaye farre of: and remayne in the wyldernes.

I would make hast to escape: because of the stormy wynde and tempest.

Destroye their tongues (O lord) and deuyde them: for I haue spyed vnrighteousnes and strife in the cytie.

Daye & nyght they go aboute within the walles therof: myschefe also and sorowe are in the middest of it.

Wyckednes is therin: deceypte and guyle go not oute of her stretes.

For

For it is not an open enemie that hath done me this dishonor: for then I could haue borne it.

Neyther was it mine aduersary, that dyd magnyfye hym selfe against me: for then (paraduenture) I wolde haue hyd my selfe from him.

But it was euen thou my companyon: my guyde, and my familier frende.

We toke swete counsayle together: & walked in the house of god as frendes.

Let death come hastely vpon them, & let them go doune quycke into hell: for wyckednes is in their dwellinges, and amonge them.

As for me I wyll call vnto God: and the Lorde shall saue me.

In the euening, and morning, and at none daye wyll I pray (and that instātly:) and he shall heare my voyce.

It is he that hath delyuered my soule in peace from the battayle that was agaīst me: for there were many wyth me.

Yea, euen God that endureth for euer shall heare me, & brynge them doune: for

they wyll not turne nor feare God.

He layde hys handes vpon suche as be at peace wyth him: and he brake hys couenaunte.

The wordes of his mouth were softer then butter, hauynge warre in hys hearte: his woordes were smother then oyle, and yet be they very swordes.

O caste thy burthen vpon the lorde & he shall norishe thee: and not suffre thee righteous to fall for euer.

And as for them: thou (O god) shalt bringe them into thee pit of destruccion.

Thee bloudethurstye and deceitefull men shal not lyue out halfe theyr daies: neuertheles my trust shalbe in thee (O Lorde.)

The. lvi. Psalme.

Miserere mei deus quoniam.

¶ To the Chaunter vpon thee doue: of him that was domme in a farre countrey: thee badges (or armes) of Dauid, when the Philistines tooke hym in Geth.

BE mercyfull vnto me (O God) for man goeth aboute to deuoure me: he is daily fighting & troubling me.

Myne

Myne enemies are dayely in hande to swallowe me vp: for they be many that fight against me, O thou moste highest.

Neuertheleſſe, though I am somtyme afrayde: yet I put my truſt in thee.

I wyll prayſe God, because of hys worde: I haue put my truſt in god & wil not feare what fleſhe can do vnto me.

They dayly myſtake my wordes: all that they imagyne is to do me euyll.

They holde all together, and kepe thē ſelues cloſe: and marke my ſteppes whē they laye wayte for my ſoule.

Shall they eſcape for theyr wyckednes thou (O God) in thy diſpleaſure ſhalt caſt them doune.

Thou telleſt my flyttinges: put my teares into thy botteil, are not theſe thynges noted in thy boke.

Whenſoeuer I call vpon thee, then ſhall myne enemyes be put to flyghte: this I knowe, for God is on my ſyde.

In goddes wordes wyll I reioyce: in the lordes worde wyll I comforte me.

Yea, in god haue I put my truſt: I wyl not

not be afraid what mā can do vnto me.

Unto thee (O god) wyll I paye my vowes: vnto thee will I geue thankes.

For thou hast deliuered my soule frō death, and my feete from fallynge: that I maye walke before God in the lyghte of the liuynge.

The. lvii. Psalme.

Miserere mei deus miserere.

To the Chaunter: destroy not: the badges or armes of Dauid, when he fled from Saule into the Caue.

BE mercifull vnto me (O God) be mercyfull vnto me, for my soule trusteth in the: and vnder the shadowe of thy wynges shalbe my refuge, vntyll this tyranny be ouerpast.

I wyll call vnto the most high God: euen to the God that shall perfourme the cause whiche I haue in hande.

He shall sende from heauen: and saue me from the reproofe of him that would eate me vp.

God shall sende forth his mercye and truth: my soule is amonge Lyons.

And I lye euen amonge the children

of

of men (that are set on fyre:) whose teth are speares and arrowes, & theyr tonge a sharpe swoorde.

Set vp thy selfe (O god) aboue the heauens: & thy glory aboue all the yearth.

They haue layde a net for my feete, & pressed downe my soule: they haue dygged a pitte before me, and are fallen into the middes of it themselues.

My he art is fyxed (O God) my heart is fyxed: I wyll singe and geue prayse.

Awake vp my glory, awake lute and harpe: I my selfe wyl awake right early.

I wyll geue thãkes vnto the (O lord) amonge the people: and I wyll sing vnto the amonge the nacions.

For the greatnes of thy mercye reacheth vnto the heauens: and thy trueth vnto the cloudes.

Set vp thy selfe (O god) aboue ỹ heauens: and thy glory aboue all the earth.

The. lviii. Psalme.

Si vere vtique iusticiam.

To the Chaunter, destroye not. The badges or armes of Dauid.

Are

ARe your myndes set vpon righteoulnes, O ye congregacion: & do ye iudge the thynge that is right, O ye sonnes of menne?

Yea, ye imagyne mischieke in youre hearte vpon the earth: and youre handes deale with wickednes.

The vngodly are frowarde, euē from theyr mothers wombe: as sone as they be borne they go astray & speake lyes.

They are as venimous as thee poyson of a Serpent: euē lyke the deafe adder that stoppeth her eares.

Whiche refuseth to heare the voyce of the charmer: charme he neuer so wisely.

Breake theyr teeth (O God) in theyr mouthes, smyte the chawe bones of the Lyons (O Lorde:) let them fall awaye lyke water that runneth a pace, & when they shote their arrowes let them be roted out.

Let thē consume awaye like a snaile, and be like the vntimely frute of a woman: and let them not se the sunne.

Or euer your pottes be made whote with

with thornes: so let indignacion vexe hym, euen as a thynge that is rawe.

The ryghteous shal reioyce when he seeth the vengeaũce: he shall washe hys fotesteps in the bloud of the vngodly.

So that a man shall say, verely ther is a reward for the righteous: doutles there is a god that iudgeth in the earth.

The, lix. Psalme

Eripe me de enimicis.

To the Chaunter, destroye not. The badge or armes of Dauid when Saule sent, and they did watche the house to kyll him.

O Delyuer me from myne enemyes (O God:) defend me from them that ryse vp agaynst me.

O delyuer me frō the wycked doers & saue me from the bloudthurstie men.

For lo, they lye waiting for my soule: the mightie men are gathered againste me wythout any offence or faulte of me (O Lorde.)

They runne and prepare them selues wythout my faulte: aryse thou therfore to helpe me, and beholde.

Stande vp (O lorde God of hostes) thou

thou God of Israell, to visite al heathē: and be not mercifull vnto them that offende of malicious wickednes.

They go to and fro in the euennyng, they grenne lyke a dogge, and runne about through the cytie.

Beholde, they speake with their mouth: and swordes are in their lippes, for who doeth heare?

But thou (O lorde) shalt haue them in derision: and thou shalte laughe all heathen to skorne.

My strength wyll I ascribe vnto the: for thou arte the God of my refuge.

God sheweth me his goodnes plenteously: and God shal let me see my desire vpon myne enemies.

Slaye them not, lest my people forget it: but scatter them abrode amonge thy people, and put them doune (O Lorde) oure defence.

For the synne of their mouth, and for the wordes of their lyppes, they shalbe taken in their pride: & why their preachynge is of cursyng and lyes.

Consume

Consume them in thy wrath, consume them that they maye perishe: & knowe that it is God Whiche ruleth in Jacob, and vnto the endes of the worlde.

And in thee euenynge they wyll returne: grenne like a dogge and wyll go aboute the cytie.

They wyll runne here and there for meate: & grudge if they be not satisfyed.

As for me I wyll synge of thy power, and wyll prayse thy mercy betymes in the mornyng: for thou hast been my defence and refuge in thee daye of my trouble.

Unto thee, O my strengthe, wyll I synge: for thou (O God) art my refuge and my mercifull God.

The.lx. Psalme.

Deus repulisti nos.

To the Chaunter. vpon the rose of wytnesse, the badge or armes of Dauid, for to teache: when he fought against Mesopotania, and Siria of Soba: & whē Joab turned backe & slew.xii.M. Edomytes in the salte valley.

O God, thou that hast cast vs oute & scattered vs abrode: thou hast also

also been displeased, O turne the vnto vs agayne.

Thou hast moued the lande and deuided it: heale the sores therof for it shaketh.

Thou hast shewed thy people heuye thynges: thou haste geuen vs a drinke of deadly wyne.

Thou hast geuen a token for suche as feare thee: that they maye tryumphe because of the trueth.

Therfore were thy beloued delyuered: helpe me with thy ryght hande, and heare me.

God hath spoken in his holynesse, I wyll reioyce and deuyde Sichem: and mete out the valeye of Suchoth.

Gylead is myne, and Manasses is myne: Ephraim also is the strength of my heade, Juda is my lawe geuer.

Moab is my washe pot, ouer Edome will I caste out my shooe: Philistea bee thou glade of me.

Who wyll leade me into the stronge cytie: who wyll bryng me into Edom:

Hast

Hast thou not cast vs out (O God:) wylte not thou (O God) go out wyth our hostes:

O be thou oure helpe in trouble: for vayne is the helpe of man.

Thorow god we shal do great actes: for it is he that shall treade doune oure enemies.

The.lxi. Psalme.

Exaudi deus deprecā.

To the Chaunter in the melodies of Dauid.

HEare my crīynge (O God): geue eare vnto my prayer.

Frō the endes of the earth wyl I call vnto thee: when my hart is in heuines.

Oh set me vp vpon the rocke that is hier then I: for thou hast been my hope, & a strōg tower for me agaīst the enmie.

I wyll dwell in thy tabernacle for euer: and my trust shalbe vnder the couerynge of thy wynges.

For thou O lorde, hast heard my desiers: and haste geuen an heritage vnto those that feare thy name.

Thou shalte graunt the kyng a long

lyke: that his yeres may endure thorow out all generations.

He shall dwell before god for euer: O prepare thy louing mercy and faithfullnes that they maye preserue hym.

So wyll I alwaye singe prayse vnto thy name: that I maye dayly performe my vowes.

The.lxii.Psalme

Nonne deo subiecta.

To the Chaunter for Jeduthum a Psalme of Dauid.

MY soule truly wayteth styll vpon God: for of hym cõmeth my saluacion.

He verely is my strength and my saluacion: he is my defence so that I shall not greately fall.

Howe longe wyll ye imagin mischefe against euery man: ye shall be slayne all the sorte of you, yea, as a totteryng wall shall ye be, and lyke a broken hedge.

Their deuice is only how to put hym out whome god wyl exalt: their delight is in lyes, they geue good wordes wyth their

they? mouth, but curse with their heart.

Neuertheleſſe, my ſoule wayte thou ſtyll vpon God: for my hope is in him.

He truly is my ſtrength, and my ſaluacion: he is my defence ſo that I ſhall not fall.

In god is my helth and my glory: the rocke of my might, & in god is my truſt.

O put youre truſt in hym alwaye (ye people:) powre out youre hartes before hym, for god is our hope.

As for the children of men, they are but vayne: the children of men are diſceytfull vpon the wayghtes, they are altogether lighter then vanitie it ſelfe.

O truſt not in wronge & robery, geue not youre ſelues vnto vanitie: yf riches encreaſe, ſet not your harte vpon them.

God ſpake once and twyſe: I haue alſo heard the ſame, that power belongeth vnto God.

And that thou Lorde arte mercyfull: for thou rewardeſt euery manne accordynge to his worke.

The. lxiii. Pſalme.

Deus deus meus.

A Psalme of Dauid when he was in the wyldernes of Juda.

O God thou arte my God: early will I seke thee.

My soule thyrsteth for thee, my flesshe also longeth after thee: in a barren and drye lande, where no water is.

Thus haue I loked for the in holynesse: that I might beholde thy power and glory.

For thy louynge kyndnesse is better then the lyfe it selfe: my lyppes shall prayse thee.

As longe as I lyue wyll I magnifye thee on this maner: and lyfte vp my handes in thy name.

My soule shalbe satisfyed, euen as it were with mary and fatnesse: when my mouth praiseth thee with ioyful lippes.

Haue I not remẽbred thee in my bed: and thought vpon thee, when I was wakynge.

Because thou hast bẽ my helper: therfore vnder the shadowe of thy wynges wyll

wyll I reioyce.

My soule hangeth vpon thee: thy right hande hath vpholden me.

Thele also that seke the hurte of my soule: they shall go vnder the earth.

Let thē fal vpō the edge of the swerd: that they maye be a porcion for foxes.

But the kinge shall reioyse in God, all they also that sweare by hym shall bee commēded: for the mouth of them that speake lyes, shall be stopped.

The. lxiiii. Psalme.

Exaudi deus oracionem meam.

To the Chaunter a Psalme of Dauyd.

HEare my voice, o god, in my prayer: preserue my lyfe from feare of the enemie.

Hide me from the gathering together of the frowarde: and from the insurrection of wicked doers.

Which haue whet their tongue lyke a swearde: and shote out theyr arowes, euen bitter wordes.

That they maye priuely shote at hym whiche is perfecte: sodenly do they hyt

him and feare not.

They courage them selues in mychiefe: and cõmon among them selues howe they may lay snares, and say that no man shall se them.

They imagin wickednes, & practise it: that they kepe secret amonge them selues, euery mã in the depe of his hart.

But God shall sodenly shote at them with a swyfte arrowe: that they shalbe wounded.

Yea, theyr owne tonges shall make them fall: insomuche that who so seeth them, shall laugh them to skorne.

And all men that se it, shall say, this hath God done: for they shall perseaue that it is his worke.

The ryghteous shall reioyce in thee Lorde, and put his trust in him: and all they that are true of harte shalbe glad.

The.lxv.Psalme.

Te decet hymnus.

To the Chaunter a psalme and songe of Dauid.

THou O god, art prayed in Syõ. and vnto the shall the vowe bee performed,

performed, in Jerusalem.

Thou that heareſt the prayer: vnto thee ſhall all fleſhe come.

My miſdedes preuayle againſt me: oh be thou mercifull vnto our ſynnes.

Bleſſed is the man whome thou choſeſt & receaueſt vnto thee: he ſhall dwell in thy court, and ſhalbe ſatiſfyed wyth the pleaſures of thy houſe, euen of thy holy temple.

Thou ſhalte ſhewe vs wonderfull thinges in thy righteouſnes (O god) of oure ſaluacion: thou that arte the hope of al the endes of the earth, and of them that remayne in the broade ſea.

Whiche in his ſtrength ſetteth faſt the mountaynes: and is gyrded aboute wyth power.

Whiche ſtilleth the raging of the ſea, and the noyſe of his waues: & the madnes of his people.

They alſo that dwel in the vttermoſt partes (of ỹ earth) ſhalbe afraide at thy tokẽs: thou that makeſt the outgoinges of the morning & euening to prayſe the.

Thou

Thou vilitest the earthe, and blessest it: thou makest it very plenteous.

The ryuer of God is full of water: thou prepārest theyr corne, for so thou prouidest for the earth.

Thou watrest her forowes, thou sendest rayne into the lytle valleys therof: thou makest it softe with the droppes of rayne, and blessest the increase of it.

Thou crowndest thee yeare with thy goodnes: & thy cloudes droppe fatnes.

They shall droppe vpon thee dwellynges of the wyldernesse: and the lytle hylles shall reioyce on euery syde.

The foldes shall be full of shepe: the valleys also shall stande so thicke wyth corne, that they shall laugh and synge.

The. lxvi. Psalme

Jubilate Deo.

To the Chaunter, the songe of a Psalme.

O Be ioyefull in God, all ye landes: sing prayses vnto the honor of his name, make his prayse to be glorious.

Say vnto god, O how wōderfull art thou in thy workes: thorow thee greatnes

nes of thy power shall thyne enemyes be founde lyers vnto the.

For all the worlde shal worshipp thee: syng of thee, and prayse thy name.

O come hither and behold the workes of God: howe wonderfull he is in hys doinge, toward the chyldren of men.

He turned the sea into drye lande: so that they wente thorowe the water on foote, there dyd we reioyce therof.

He ruleth with his power for euer, his eyes beholde the people: and suche as wyll not beleue, shall not be able to exalte them selues.

O praise our God (ye people:) & make the voyce of his prayse to be hearde.

Which holdeth our soule in lyfe: and suffereth not oure feete to slyp.

For thou (o god) hast proued vs: thou also hast tried vs lyke as siluer is tryed.

Thou broughtest vs into the snare: and layde trouble vpon our loynes.

Thou sufferedst mē to ryde ouer oure heades: we went thorowe fyre & water, and thou broughtest vs out into a wel-

thy place.

I wyll go into thy house wyth burnte offerynges: & wyll paye thee my vowes whiche I promysed with my lyppes, and speake wyth my mouthe, when I was in trouble.

I wyll offre vnto thee, fat burnt sacrifyces, wyth the incense of rãmes: I wyll offre bullockes and goates.

O come hyther and harken all ye that feare God: and I wyll tell you what he hath done for my soule.

I called vnto hym with my mouthe: & gaue hym prayses with my tongue.

If I enclyne vnto wyckednesse wyth my heart: the Lorde wyll not heare me.

But God hath heard me: and consydered the voyce of my prayer.

Praysed be God whiche hath not cast out my prayer: nor turned hys mercy fro me.

The. lxvii. Psalme.

Deus misereatur nostri.

To the Chaunter in melodies, a Psalme and songe.

God

GOd be mercyfull vnto vs, & bleſſe vs: and ſhew vs the lyght of hys countenaunce, and be merciful vnto vs.

That thy waye may be knowen vpon earth: thy ſauing helth amõg al naciõs.

Let the people prayſe thee O god: yea let all the people prayſe thee.

O let the naciõs reioyce and be glad: for thou ſhalte iudge thee folke righteouſly, & gouerne the naciõs vpon earth.

Let the people prayſe the O god: let all the people prayſe the.

Then ſhall the earth bryngе furthe her increaſe: & god, euen oure owne god ſhall geue vs his bleſſynge.

God ſhall bleſſe vs: and all the endes of the worlde ſhall feare hym.

The. lxviii. Pſalme.

Exurgat Deus.

To the Chaunter, a Pſalme and ſonge of Dauid.

LEt god aryſe, and lette hys enemyes be ſcattered: lette them alſo that hate hym flye before hym.

Like as the ſmoke vaniſheth, ſo ſhalt

thou dryue theim awaye: and lyke as
waxe melteth at the fyer, so let thee vn-
godly perysshe at the presence of God.

But let the righteous be glad, and re-
ioyce before God: let them also be mery
and ioyfull.

O syng vnto God, and syng prayses
vnto his name: magnifye hym that ri-
deth vpon thee heauens, as it were vp-
on an horse, prayse him in his name, yea
and reioyce before hym.

He is a father of the fatherlesse, and
defendeth the cause of the wyddowes: e-
uen God in his holy habitacion.

He is the God that maketh men to be
of one mynde in an house, & bringeth the
prisoners oute of captiuitie: but letteth
the rūnagates cōtinewe in scarcenesse.

O God, when thou wentest furth be-
fore the people: when thou wentest tho-
rowe the wylderneſſe.

The earth shoke, & the heauens drop-
ped at the presence of God: euen as Si-
nai also was moued at thee presence of
God whiche is the God of Israel.

Thou

Thou O God, sendedst a gracious rayne vpon thyne inheritaunce: and refreshedst it when it was wery.

Thy Congregacion shall dwell therin: for thou (O God) hast of thy goodnesse prepared for the poore.

The Lorde gaue the worde: greate was the company of the preachers.

Kynges with theyr armies dyd flye, and were discomfyted: and they of thee houshoide deuided the spoyle.

Though ye haue lyen amonge thee pottes: yet shall ye be as the wynges of a doue that is couered wyth siluer winges, and her fethers lyke golde.

Whē the almighty scattered kinges for theyr sake: then were they as whyte as snowe in Zalmon.

As the hyll of Basan, so is goddes hyll: euē an hye hyll as the hyl of Balā.

Why hoppe ye so, ye hye hilles, thys is gods hyll in thee whiche it pleaseth hym to dwell: yea, the Lord wyll abyde in it for euer.

The Charettes of god are twentye

thousand, euen thousandes of Angels: and the Lorde is amonge them, as in the holy place of Sinai.

Thou arte gone vp on hye, thou hast led captyuitie, captiue, and receiued gifftes for men: yea, euen for thy enemies that the lorde God might dwell among them.

Prayled be the Lorde dayly: euen the God whiche helpeth vs, and poureth his benefites vpon vs.

He is our God, euē the God of whom cometh saluacion: God is the Lorde by whome we escape death.

God shall wounde the head of his enemies: & the heary scalpe of suche one as goeth on styll in his wyckednesse.

The Lorde hath sayde, I wyll bryng my people agayne as I dyd from Basan: myne owne wyll I brynge agayne, as I dyd somtime from the deepe of the sea.

That thy foote may be dypped in the blonde of thyne enemyes: and that the tongue of thy dogges maye be redde

thorow

thorowe the same.

It is well sene, O god, howe thou goest: howe thou, my god and kynge goest in the sanctuary.

The syngers go before, the mynstrels folow after: in the middes are the damselles playing with the tymbrels.

Geue thankes, O Israell, vnto God the lorde in the congregacions: from the grounde of the hearte.

Ther is lytle Ben Jamin their ruler: and the prynces of Juda their councell, the Princes of Zabulon, and the Prynces of Nephathaly.

Thy god hath sent furth strength for thee: stablyshe the thinge, O God, that thou hast wrought in vs.

For thy temples sake at Jerusalem: so shall kinges bryng presētes vnto the.

When the company of the spearemē & multitude of the mightie are scattered abrode among the beastes of the people (so that they humbly bring peces of syluer:) and when he hath scattered thee people that delyte in warre.

Then shal the princes come out of Egypte: the Morians lande shall sone stretche out her handes vnto God.

Syng vnto God, O ye kingdomes of the earth: O syng prayses vnto the lord.

Whiche sytteth in thee heauens ouer all frō the beginnig: lo he doth sende out hys voyce, yea, & that a myghtie voyce.

Ascribe ye the power to God ouer Israell: his worshyp and strength is in the cloudes.

O God, wonderfull arte thou in thy holy places: euen the God of Israell, he wyll geue strength and power vnto his people. Blessed be God.

The lxix. Psalme.

Saluum me fac deus.

To the Chaunter vpon Solanim of Dauid.

SAue me, O God: for the waters are come in euen vnto my soule.

I stycke fast in the depe myre, where no ground is: I am come into depe waters, so that the floudes runne ouer me.

I am wery of cryinge, my throte is drye: my syght fayleth me, for waytinge

so

so longe vpon my God.

They that hate me without a cause are mo thē the heares of my head: they that are myne enemyes, and woulde destroye me gyltlesse are myghtye.

I payed thē the thinges that I neuer toke: god thou knowest my simplenes, and my fautes are not hid from thee.

Let not them that trust in the, o lord, god of hostes, be a shamed for my cause: let not those that seke thee be cōfunded thorowe me, O Lorde God of Israell.

And why? for thy sake haue I suffered reproke: shame hath couered my face.

I am become a straunger vnto my brethren: euen an aliaunt vnto my mothers children.

For the zeale of thyne house hathe euen eaten me: and the rebukes of them that rebuked thee are fallen vpon me.

I wept & chastened my selfe wyth fastyng: & that was turned to my reproke.

I put on a sacke clothe also: and they iested vpon me.

They that sitte in the gate speake a-

gainst

gaynst me: and the dronkardes make songes vpon me.

But Lorde I make my prayer vnto the: in an acceptable tyme.

Heare me o god ī the multitude of thy mercy: euē in the truth of thy saluacion.

Take me out of the myre, that I sinke not: oh let me be delyuered from them that hate me, & out of the depe waters.

Let not the water floud droune me, neither let the depe swalowe me vp: & let not the pyt shut her mouth vpō me.

Heare me o lord, for thy louīg kindnes is cōfortable: turne thee vnto me according to the multitude of thy mercies.

And hyde not thy face from thy seruaunte: for I am in trouble, oh hast the and heare me.

Drawe nye vnto my soule, & saue it: oh delyuer me because of myne enemyes.

Thou haste knowen my reprofe, my shame, and my dishonour: myne aduersaryes are all in thy sight.

The rebuke hath broken my hearte, I am full of heuines: I loked for some

to

to haue pyttye on me, but there was no man, neyther found I any to cõfort me.

They gaue me gal to eate: and when I was thirsty they gaue me vynegre to drynke.

Lette theyr table be made a snare to take them selues with all: and let the thinges (that should haue been for their welth) be vnto thẽ an occasiõ of falling.

Let their eyes be blynded that they se not: and euer bowe thou doune theyr backes.

Powre out thyne indignacion vpon them: and let thy wrathfull displeasure take holde of them.

Let theyr habytacion be voyde: and no man to dwell in theyr tentes.

For they persecute hym whom thou hast smittẽ: & they talke how they maye vexe them whome thou hast wounded.

Let them fall from one wickednes to an other: and not come into thy ryghteousnesse.

Let them be wyped out of the booke of the liuing: and not be written among

the

the righteous.

As for me When I am poore and in heuinesse: thyne helpe (O God) shall lyfte me vp.

I wyll prayse the name of god with a song: & magnifye it with thākes geuing.

This also shall please the Lorde: better then a bullocke, that hath hornes & hoofes.

The humble shall consider this, and be gladde: seke ye after God and your soule shall lyue.

For the Lorde heareth the poore, and despiseth not his prisoners.

Let heauen and yearth prayse hym: the sea, and all that moueth therin.

For God wyll saue Syon, and builde the cyties of Juda: that men may dwell there, and haue it in possession.

The posteritie also of his seruantes shall enherite it: and they that loue hys name shall dwell therin.

The.lxx.Psalme.

Deus in adiutorium.

To the Chaunter of Dauid to bryng to remembraunce (because the Lorde saued me.)

Haste

HAste thee O God, to delyuer me: make haste to helpe me, O Lord.

Let them be ashamed and confounded that seke after my soule, lette them be turned backwarde, and put to confusion that wyshe me euill.

Let them (for theyr rewarde) be sone broughte to shame: that crye ouer me, there, there.

But let all those that seke thee be ioyfull and glad in thee: and let all such as delight in thy saluacion say alwaye the Lorde be praysed.

As for me I am poore and in miserie: haste thee vnto me (O God.)

Thou arte my helper & my redemer: O Lorde make no longe taryinge.

The. lxxi. Psalme.

In te domine speraui.

IN thee, O Lorde, haue I put my trust, let me neuer be put to confusion: but ryd me and delyuer me in thy righteousnes, enclyne thyne eare vnto me and saue me.

Be thou my stronge holde (whereun-

to

so I may alway resorte:) thou hast promised to helpe me, for thou art my house of defence, and my castell.

Delyuer me O my god, out of the hād of the vngodly: out of the hande of thee vnrighteous and cruell man.

For thou O Lord god, arte the thing that I longe for: thou art my hope euen from my youth.

Through thee haue I been holden vp euer sins I was borne: thou art he that toke me out of my mothers wombe, my prayse shalbe alwaye of thee.

I am become as it were a mōstre vnto many: but my trust is in the.

Oh let my mouth be fylled wyth thy prayse: (that I maye syng of thy glory) and honor all the daye longe.

Cast me not away in the tyme of age: forsake me not when my strengthe fayleth me.

For myne enemies speake against me, & they that lay wayte for my soule, take theyr cōsayle together, sayig: god hath forsaken hym, persecute hym and take

hym

hym, for there is none to delyuer hym.

Go not farre fro me, O God: my god hast the to helpe me.

Let them be confounded and perysshe that are agaynste my soule: let them be couered with shame and dyshonor that seeke to do me euyll.

As for me, I wyll patiently abyde alwaye: & wyll prayse the more and more.

My mouth shall dayly speake of they righteousnes & saluacion: for I knowe no ende therof.

I wyll go furth in the strength of thee Lorde god: and wyll make mencion of thy ryghteousnes only.

Thou O god, hast taught me fro my youth vp vntyll nowe: therfore wyll I tell of thy wonderous workes.

Forsake me not, O god, in my olde age when I am graye headed: vntyll I haue shewed thy strengthe vnto thys generacion, and thy power to all them that are yet for to come.

Thy righteousnes (O god) is very hye: and greate thynges are they that thou

thou hast done, O God, who is lyke vnto the?

O what greate troubles & aduersytyes hast thou shewed me, and yet dyddest thou turne and refresh me: yea and broughtest me frō the deepe of the earth agayne.

Thou hast brought me to greate honor: and conforted me on euery syde.

Therfore will I prayse thee and thy faythfulnesse, O God, playyng vpon an instrument of musick: vnto the wyll I synge vpon the harpe, O thou holy one of Israell.

My lyppes wyll be fayne when I singe vnto thee: and so wyll my soule whome thou hast delyuered.

My tongue also shal talke of thy righteousnes all the daye longe: for they are confounded and brought vnto shame, that seke to do me euyll.

The. lxxii. Psalme.

Deus iudicium.

A Psalme for Salomon.

Gyue

Gyue the kynge thy iudgementes (O god): and thy righteoulnelle vnto the kynges lonne.

Then ſhall he iudge thy people accozding vnto right: and defende the pooze.

The mountaynes alſo ſhall bzynge peace: and the lytle hylles righteoulnes vnto the people.

He ſhall kepe the ſimple folke by theyz ryght: defende the chyldzen of the pooze, and punyſhe the wzong doer.

They ſhall feare thee as longe as the lonne & moone endureth: from one generacion to another.

He ſhall come doune lyke the rayne into a fleece of wolle: euen as the dzoppes that water the earth.

In his tyme ſhall the righteous flozyſhe: yea and abundaunce of peace, ſo longe as the moone endureth.

His dominion ſhall be alſo from the one ſea to the other: and from the floude vnto the wozldes ende.

They that dwell in the wyldernes ſhall kneele befoze hym: hys enemyes

shall lycke the dust.

The kynges of Tharsis and of the Iles shall geue presentes: the kynges of Araby, & Saba shall bryng gyftes.

All kynges shall fall downe before hym: all nacions shall do hym seruyce.

For he shall delyuer the poore when he crieth: the neadye also, and hym that hath no helper.

He shall be fauorable to the symple & neadye: and shall preserue the soules of the poore.

He shal deliuer theyr soules from falshed and wronge: and deare shall theyr bloude be in his syght.

He shall lyue, and vnto hym shall bee geuen of the golde of Arabia: prayer shall be made euer vnto hym, and dayly shall he be praysed.

There shalbe an heape of corne in the earth, hye vpō the hilles: his fruit shall shake lyke Libanus, and shalbe greene in the cytie, lyke grasse vpon the earthe.

His name shall endure for euer, hys name shall remayne vnder the sonne a-

monge

monge thee posterities: whiche shalbe blessed thorowe hym, and al the heathē shall prayse hym.

Blessed be the Lorde God, euen the God of Israell: whiche only doth wonderous thynges.

And blessed be the name of his maiestie for euer: and the earth shall be fylled wyth his maiestie. Amen. Amen.

Here endeth the prayers of Dauid.
the sonne of Isai.

The. lxxiii. Psalme.
Quam bonus Israell.
A Psalme of Asaph.

TRuly God is louinge vnto Israell: euen vnto suche as are of a cleane hearte.

Neuertheless, my feete were almoste gone: my treadinges had weinie slypte.

And why, I was greued at the wycked: I too se also the vngodly in suche prosperitie.

For they are in no peryll of death: but are lustie and stronge.

They come in no misfortune lyke other folke: neither are they plaged lyke

other men.

And this is the cause that they be holden with pride: and ouerwhelmed with crueltie.

Their eyes swell with fatnesse: and they dooe euen what thy lust.

They corrupte other, and speake of wycked blasphemy: their talkyng is against the most hyest.

For they stretche furth their mouthe vnto the heauen: and their tongue goeth thorowe the worlde.

Therfore fall the people vnto them: & therout sucke they no small aduantage.

Tush (say they) how shulde god perceiue it: is there knowledge in the most hyest?

Lo, these are the vngodly, these prospere in the worlde, & these haue richesse in possession: (& sayd) then haue I clensed my heart in vayne, and washed my handes in innocencie.

All the daye longe haue I been punished: and chastened euery morninge.

Yea, and I had almost sayde euen as they:

they: but lo, then should I haue cõdemned the generacion of thy children.

Then thought I to vnderstand this: but it was to harde for me.

Untyll I went into the sanctuary of God: thẽ vnderstode I the ende of these men.

Namely, howe thou hast set them in the slypperye places: and castest them downe and destroyest them.

O howe sodeinely do they consume: perysshe, and come to a fearfull ende.

Yea, euen lyke as a dreame when one awaketh: so shalte thou make theyr ymage to vanysshe out of the cytie.

Thus my hearte was greued: and it went euen thorowe my reaynes.

So foolysshe was I and ignoraunte: euen as it were a beast before the.

Neuertheless, I am alwaye by thee: for thou hast holdẽ me by my right hãd.

Thou shalte guyde me with thy cõsaile: & after that receiue me with glory.

Whom haue I in heauen but the: & there is none vpon earth, that I desyre

in comparison of thee.

My flesche and my hearte fayleth: but God is the strengthe of my hart, and my porcion for euer.

For lo, they that forsake thee shal perysshe: thou hast destroyed all them that commyt fornicacion agaynst the.

But it is good for me to holde me fast by God, to put my truste in the Lorde God: and to speake of all thy workes, (in the gates of the daughter Syon.)

The. lxxiiii. Psalme.

Ut quid deus repulisti.

An Instruccion of Asaph.

O God, wherfore arte thou absente frō vs so long: why is thy wrath so hote agist the shepe of thy pasture:

O thinke vpō thy congregaciō: whom thou hast purchased & redemed of olde.

Thynk vpon the tribe of thyne inheritaunce: and mount Syon wherin thou hast dwelt.

Lyfte vp thy fete, that thou mayst vtterly destroy euery enemy: whiche hath done euyll in thy Sanctuary.

Thyne

Thyne aduersaries roare in the mid-
des of thy congregacions: and set vp
theyr banners for tokens.

He that hewed timbre afore out of the
thicke trees: was knowen to bringe it
to an excellent worke.

But nowe they breake doune all the
carued worke thereof: wyth axes and
hammers.

They haue set fyre vpō thy holy pla-
ces: & haue defyled the dwellynge place
of thy name, euen vnto the grounde.

Yea they sayde in theyr heartes: let vs
make hauocke of them altogether: thus
haue they brent vp al the houses of god
in the lande.

We se not oure tokens, there is not
one prophet more: no not one is there a-
mong vs that vnderstādeth any more.

O god, howe longe shall the aduersa-
rie do this dishonor: how longe shal the
enemye blaspheme thy name, for euer?

Why withdrawest thou thy hande:
why pluckest thou not thy right hande
out of thy bosome, to cōsume y enemy?

For

For God is my kinge of old: the helpe that is done vpon yearth, he doethe it hym selfe.

Thou diddest deuide the sea through thy power: thou brakest the heades of the dragons in the waters.

Thou smotest the heades of Leuiathan in pieces: and gauest hym to be meate for the people in wyldernes.

Thou broughtest out fountaynes & waters out of the harde rockes: thou dryedest vp mightie waters.

The daye is thyne and the night is thyne: thou hast prepared the lyght and the sunne.

Thou hast set all the borders of the earth: thou hast made sōmer & winter.

Remembre this, O lord, how the enemy hath rebuked: and howe the folyshe people hath blaspheined thy name.

O delyuer not the soule of thy turtle doue vnto the multytude of ỹ enemyes: and forget not the congregacion of the poore for euer.

Loke vpon the couenaunt: for all the earth

yearth is full of darkenes, and cruel habitacions.

O let not the symple go awaye ashamed: but lette the poore and neady geue prayse vnto thy name.

Aryse O god, maintaine thyne owne cause: remembre howe the foolishe man blaspheməth the dayly.

Forget not the voyce of thyne enemies: the presumptiō of them that hate thee encreaseth euer more and more.

The. lxxv. Psalme.

Confitebimur tibi.

To the Chaunter: destroy not.
A Psalme and song of Asaph.

UNto thee (O God) do we geue thankes: yea vnto thee do we geue thankes.

Thy name also is so nye: and that do thy wonderous workes declare.

When I receyue the congregacion: I shall iudge accordynge vnto ryght.

The yearth is weake and all the inhabitours therof: I beare vp the pillers of it.

I sayed vnto the fooles, deale not so madly: and to the vngodly, set not vp your horne.

Set not vp youre horne on hye: and speake not with a styffe necke.

For promocion commeth neyther frō the East, not from the west: nor yet frō the South.

And why? God is the iudge: he putteth downe one, & setteth vp an other.

For in the hande of the lorde is there a cuppe, and the wyne is redde: it is full mixt, and he poureth out of the same.

As for the dregges therof: all the vngodly of the yearth shall drynke them, and sucke them out.

But I wyl talke of the God of Jacob: and prayse hym for euer.

All the hornes of the vngodly also wyll I breake: & the hornes of the ryghteous shalbe exalted.

The. lxxvi. Psalme.

Notus in Judea.

To the Chaunter in melodies
A Psalme and songe of Asaph.

In

IN Iewrie is God knowen: hys dwellyng in Sion.

At Salem is his tabernacle: and his name is greate in Israell.

There brake he the arowes of the bowe: the shyld, the sworde & the battel.

Thou arte of more honor and might: then the hylles of robbers.

The proud are robbed, they haue slept their slepe: & all the men (whose handes were mightie) haue founde nothynge.

At thy rebuke (O God of Jacob:) both the charret and horses is fallen.

Thou, euen thou art to be feared: and who may stand in thy sight, when thou art angry?

Thou dyddest cause thy iudgemente to be harde frome heauen: the yearthe trembled and was styll.

When God arose to iudgement: and to helpe all the meke vpon yearth.

The fearcenes of man shall turne to thy prayse: and the fearcenes of other shalt thou refrayne.

Promise vnto the lorde your God, &

kepe it all ye that be round aboute him: bryng̃e presentes vnto hym that ought to be feared.

He shal refrayne the spirite of princes: and is wonderfull amonge the kynges of the yearth.

The. lxxvii. Psalme.

Voce mea ad dominum.

To the Chaunter for Jeduthum, a Psalme of Asaph.

I wyll crye vnto God w̃ my voyce: euen vnto God wyll I crye wyth my voyce, and he shall herken vnto me.

In the tyme of my trouble, I sought the lorde: my sore ranne and ceassed not in the nyght season, my soule refused comforte.

When I am in heuines, I wil thinke vpon God: when my heart is vexed I wyll complayne.

Thou holdest myne eyes wakynge: I am so feble, that I can not speake.

I haue consydered the dayes of olde: and the yeares that are past.

I call to remembraunce my songe: &

in

in the nyghte I commune with myne owne heart, and learch out my ſpirites.

Wyll the Lorde ablent hymſelfe for euer: and wyll he be no more intreated:

Is his mercie cleane gone for euer: & is his promiſe come vtterly to an ende for euermore:

Hath God forgotten to be greacious: and wyll he ſhut vp his louinge kyndnes in diſpleaſure:

And I ſayd, it is myne owne infirmitie: but I wyll remembre the yeares of the ryght hande of the moſt hyeſt.

I wyl remẽbre the workes of the lord: & call to mynd thy wõders of olde time.

I wyll thinke alſo of all thy workes: and my talkyng ſhalbe of thy doynges.

Thy waye, O God, is holy: Who is ſo great a God as (our God):

Thou arte the God that doeth wonders: and haſte declared thy power among people.

Thou haſt mightely deliuered thy peple: euen the ſonnes of Jacob & Joſeph.

The waters ſawe thee, O God: the

waters saw thee and were afrayed, the depthes also were troubled.

The cloudes poured out water, thee ayre thūdred: & thyne arowes wēt abrod.

The voyce of thy thundre was heard rounde aboute: the lyghtnynges shone vpon the grounde, the earth was moued and shoke wythall.

Thy waye is in the sea, & thy pathes in the greate waters: and thy fotesteppes are not knowen.

Thou ledest thy people lyke shepe: by the hande of Moses and Aaron.

The.lxxviii.Psalme.

Attendite populo meus.

In instruccion of Asaph.

HEare my lawe, O my people: encline your eares vnto the wordes of my mouthe.

I wyll open my mouthe in a parable: I wyll declare harde sentences of olde.

Which we haue heard and knowē: & suche as our fathers haue tolde vs.

That we shoulde not hyde them from the children of the generacions to come:

but

but to shewe the honor of the Lord, his might, and wonderfull workes that he hath done.

He made a couenaunt wyth Jacob, and gaue Israell a lawe: which he commaunded our forefathers to teach theyr children.

That their posteritie might know it: & the children whiche were yet vnborne.

To the intent that whē they came vp: they might shew their childrē the same.

That they myght put theyr truste in God: and not forget the workes of god, but to kepe his commaundementes.

And not to be as theyr forefathers, a faythlesse and stubburne generacion: a generacion that set not their hearte aryghte, and whose spirite cleaued not stedfastly vnto God.

Lyke as the children of Ephraim: whiche beinge harnessed and caryynge bowes, turned themselues backe in the daye of battayll.

They kept not the couenaūt of God: and woulde not walke in his lawe.

But forgate what he had done: and the wonderfull worke that he had shewed for them.

Marueylous thinges dyd he in the sight of our fathers i the lãde of Egipt: euen in the fielde of Zoan.

He deuided the sea, and lette them go thorowe: he made the waters to stande on an heape.

In the daye tyme also he led thē with a cloude: and al the night thorow with a lyght of fyer.

He claue the harde rockes in the wyldernes: and gaue them drinke therof as it had been out of the greate depth.

He broughte waters out of the stonye rocke: so that it gusshed out lyke the riuers.

Yet for all this, they synned more agaynst hym: and prouoked the mooste hyest in wyldernes.

They tempted God in theyr heartes: and required meate for theyr lust.

They spake against god also, sayng: shal god prepare a table in ỹ wildernes:

He

He smote the stony rocke in dede, that the water gushed out, and the stremes flowed withall: but can he geue breade also, or prouide flesh for his people?

When the Lorde heard this, he was wroth: so the fyer was kyndled in Jacob, and there came vp heuy displeasure agaynst Israell.

Because they beleued not in God: and put not their trust in his helpe.

So he commaunded the cloudes aboue: and opened the doores of heauen.

He rayned downe Manna also vpon them for to eate: and gaue them foode from heauen.

So man dyd eate Angels fode: for he sente them meate enoughe.

He caused the Easte wynde to blowe vnder heauen: and through his power he brought in the southwest wynde.

He rayned flesshe vpon them as thicke as dust: and fethered foules lyke as the sande of the sea.

He let it fall among their tentes: euen rounde aboute their habitacion.

So

So they dyd eate, and were well fylled: for he gaue them their owne desire, they were not disapoynted of their lust.

But while the meate was yet in their mouthes, the heuy wrath of God came vpō thē: and slue the welthyest of them, yea and smote downe the chosen men that were in Israell.

But for all this they sinned yet more: & beleued not his wonderous workes.

Therfore their dayes did he consume in vanitie: and their yeares in trouble.

When he slewe them, they soughte hym: and turned them earlye, and enquired after God.

And they remembred that God was their strength: and that the hyghe God was their redemer.

Neuertheleſſe, they dyd but flatter hym with their mouth: and dissembled with hym in their tongue.

For their heart was not whole wyth hym: neither continued they stedfast in his couenaunte.

But he was so mercyfull: that he for-

gaue

gaue their mildedes, & destroied thē not
Yea, many a time turned he his wrath away: and would not suffre his whole displeasure to aryse.
For he considered that they were but flesshe: and that they were euen a winde that passeth awaye, and commeth not agayne.
Many a tyme dyd they prouoke hi in the wildernes: & greued hi in the desert.
They turned backe, & tempted God: and moued the holy one in Israell.
They thought not of his hande: and of the daye when he deliuered them frō the hande of the enemy.
Howe he had wrought his miracles in Egipt: and his wonders in the fielde of Zoan.
He turned their waters ito bloude: so that they might not drike of the riuers.
He sent lyce among them & deuoured them vp: & frogges to destroy them.
He gaue their frutes vnto the caterpiller: & their labor vnto the gresshopper
He destroyed their vynes with hayle

stones

stones: & their mulberitrees wᵗ the frost.
He smote their cattell also with hayle stones: & their flockes with whot thunderboltes.
He cast vpon them the furiousnes of his wrath: angre, displeasure, and trouble and sent euyl angels amonge them.
He made a waye to his indignacion, and spared not their soule from death: but gaue their lyfe ouer to the pestilēce.
And smote all the fyrste borne in Egipt: the most principall and myghtiest in the dwellinges of Ham.
But as for his owne people, he ledde them forth lyke shepe: and caried them in the wildernesse lyke a flocke.
He brought them out safely, that they shoulde not feare: & ouerwhelmed theyr enemyes with the sea.
And brought thē withi the borders of his Sanctuary: euen to his mountayne which he purchased wᵗ hys right hande.
He cast out the heathē also before thē: cauled their lande to be deuided among them for an heritage, & made the tribes of

of Israell to dwell in their tentes.

So they tẽpted & displeased the most highe god: & kept not his testimonies.

But turned theyr backes, and fell awaye lyke theyr foze fathers: startynge alyde: lyke a broken bowe.

For they greued hym with theyr hill alters: & prouoked hym to displeasure with theyr images.

Whẽ god heard this, he was wroth: and toke soze displeasure at Israell.

So that he forsoke the tabernacle in Silo: euen the tent that he had pitched amonge men.

He deliuered their power into captiuitie: & their beautie into the enemyes hãd.

He gaue his people ouer also into the swearde: and was wrothe with his inheritaunce.

The fire consumed theyr yong men: & their maidẽs were not geuẽ to mariage.

Their priestes were slayne wyth thee sword: and there were no wydowes to make lamentacion.

So the Lorde awaked as one out of slepe

slepe: and lyke a gyaunt refreshed wyth wyne.

He smote his enemies in the hyndre partes: & put thē to a perpetual shame.

He refused the tabernacle of Joseph: and chose not the tribe of Ephraim.

But chose the tribe of Juda: euen the hyll of Sion whiche he loued.

And there he buylded his temple on hye: & layed the foundacion of it like the groūd which he hath made cōtinually.

He chose Dauid also his seruaūt: and toke hym awaye from the shepe foldes.

As he was folowing the ewes great with yonge ones he toke hym: that he myght fede Jacob his people and Israell his enherytaunce.

So he fed them with a faythful and true hearte: and ruled them prudentlye wyth all his power.

The.lxxix.Psalme.

Deus venerunt gentes.

A Psalme of Asaph.

O God, the heathen are come into thy enheritaunce: thy holy temple haue

haue they defyled, and made Jerusalem an hepe of stones.

The deade bodyes of thy seruauntes haue they genē to be meate vnto foules of the ayre: and the flesshe of thy sainctes vnto the beastes of the lande.

Theyr bloude haue they shedde lyke water on euery syde of Jerusalem: and there was no man to bury them.

We are become an open shame to our enemyes: a very scorne and derision vnto them that are rounde aboute vs.

Lord, how long wylt thou be angry: shal thy gelousie burne like fire for euer?

Powre out thyne indignacion vpon the heathē that haue not knowen thee: and vpon the kingdomes that haue not called vpon thy name.

For they haue deuoured Jacob: and layed wast his dwellyng place.

O remembre not our olde sinnes but haue mercy vpon vs, and that soone for we are come to greate miserie.

Helpe vs, O God of our saluacion, for the glory of thy name: O delyuer vs &

be

be mercifull vnto oure synnes for thy names sake.

Wherfore do the heathen say: where is nowe their God?

O let the vengeaunce of thy seruaunts bloude that is shed: be openly shewed vpon the heathen in our syght.

O let the sorowfull sighing of the prisoners come before thee: according to the greatnes of thy power, preserue thou those that are appoynted to dye.

And for the blasphemy (wherewyth our neyghbours haue blasphemed the) reward thou them, O lorde, seuen folde into their bosome.

So we that be thy people, & shepe of thy pasture, shall geue thee thākes for euer: & wyl alwaye be shewing forth thy prayse, from generacion to generacion.

The. lxxx. Psalme

Qui regis Israell.

To the Chaunter vpon Sosanim, a testimonie and Psalme of Asaph.

HEare O thou shepherd of Israel, thou that leadeste Iosephe lyke a shepe.

a shepe: shew thy selfe also thou that sittest vpon the Cherubyns.

Before Ephraim, Beniamin, & Manasses: stirre vp thy strength and come helpe vs.

Turne vs agayne, O God: shewe the lyght of thy countenaunce and we shall be whole.

O Lorde God of hoostes: howe long wilte thou bee angrye wyth thy people that praeth?

Thou fedest them wyth the breade of teares: and geuest them plēteousnes of teares to drynke.

Thou hast made vs a very stryfe vnto oure neyghbours: and oure enemies laugh vs to scorne.

Turne vs againe, thou god of hostes shew the light of thy countenaunce, and we shall be whole.

Thou hast brought a vyne out of Egipt: thou hast cast out the heathē, and planted it.

Thou madest rowme for it: & when it had taken roote, it filled the lande.

The hylles were couered wyth the shadowe of it: and the boughes thereof were lyke the goodly Cedre trees.

She stretched out her braunches vnto the sea: & her boughes vnto the riuer.

Why hast thou then broken downe her hedge: that all they whiche go by plucke of her grapes?

The wilde bore out of the wood doeth roote it vp: and the wilde beastes of the fielde deuoure it.

Turne the agayne, thou God of hoostes, loke doune from heauen: beholde, and visite this vine.

And the place of the vineyard that thy right hande hath plãted: & the braunche that thou madest so strong for thy selfe.

It is brent with fyre and cut downe: and they shall perishe at the rebuke of thy countenaunce.

Let thy hand be vpon the man of thy right hand: and vpon the sonne of man whome thou madest so strong for thyne owne selfe.

And so wil not we go backe frõ the: oh let

let vs lyue, & we shall cal vpō thy name.

Turne vs agayne, O Lorde God of hoostes: shewe the lighte of thy counte-naunce, and We shalbe whole.

The. lxxxi. Psalme.

Exultate deo.

To the Chaunter vpon Githith (a Psalme) of Asaph (in the fifth day of the Sabboth).

Synge we merely vnto God oure strength: make a cherefull noyse vnto the God of Jacob.

Take the psalme', bringe hither the tabret: the mery harpe wyth the lute.

Blowe vp the trompet in the newe moone: euen in the tyme apointed, and vpon our solempne feast daye.

For this Was made a statute for Israell: and a lawe of the God of Jacob.

This he ordeined in Joseph for a testi-monie: When he came out of the land of Egipt, & had heard a straūge languag.

I eased his shoulder from the burthē: and his handes were delyuered from (makyng) the pottes.

Thou calledest vpon me in troubles,

and I delyuered thee: and hearde thee, what tyme as the stoꝛme fel vpon thee.

I pꝛoued thee also: at the waters of stryfe.

Heare o my people: & I wyl assure the, o Israell, yf thou wylt herken vnto me.

There shall no straunge God be in thee: neither shalt thou woꝛshyp any other God.

I am the Lorde thy God, whiche bꝛought thee out of the lande of Egypt: open thy mouth wyde & I shall fyll it.

But my people woulde not heare my voyce: and Israell would not obay me.

So I gaue them vp vnto theyꝛ owne heartes lust: and let them folowe theyꝛ owne ymaginacions.

O that my people woulde haue herkened vnto me: foꝛ yf Israell had walked in my wayes.

I should sone haue put doune their enymyes: and turned my hande agaynst theyꝛ aduersaryes.

The haters of the Lorde should haue ben found lyers: but theyꝛ tyme shoulde haue

haue endured for euer.

He shoulde haue fed theim also with the fynest wheate floure: and with hony out of the stony rocke should I haue satisfied thee.

The.lxxxii.Psalme.

Deus stetit in Synagoga.

A Psalme of Asaph.

GOd standeth in the congregacion of Pryntes: he is a iudge amonge Goddes.

Howe longe wyl ye geue wronge iudgement: and accepte the parsons of the vngodly?

Defend the poore & fatherlesse: se that such as be in nede & necessitie haue right

Delyuer the outcast and poore: saue them from the hande of the vngodly.

They wyll not be learned nor vnderstande, but walke on styll in darkenes: all the foundacyons of the earth be out of course.

I haue sayde: ye are Goddes, and ye all are chyldren of the most hyest.

But ye shall dye lyke men: and fall

lyke one of the princes.

Aryse O God, and iudge thou the earth: for thou shalte take al heathen to thyne inheritaunce.

The.lxxxiii.Psalme.

Deus quis similes.

A song and Psalme of Asaph.

HOlde not thy tongue, O God: kepe not styl sylence, refrayne not thy selfe, O God.

For lo, thyne enemyes make a murmurynge: and they that hate thee haue lyfte vp theyr heade.

They haue imagined craftely against thy people: and taken counsaile against thy secrete ones.

They haue sayde, come and lette vs roote them out, that they be no more a people: & that the name of Israell maye be no more in remembraunce.

For they haue cast theyr heades together with one consent: and are confederate against thee.

The tabernacles of the Edomites and the Ismaelites: the Moabites and Haga-

Hagarenes.

Geball & Ammon, and Ameleth: the Philistins, with thē that dwel at Tyre.

Assur also is ioyned vnto theim: and haue helped the chyldren of Loth.

But do thou to theim as vnto the Madianites: vnto Sisera, and vnto Jabin, at the brooke of Kyson.

Whiche perysshed at Endor: and became as the donge of the earth.

Make theim and their Princes lyke Oreb and Zeb: yea make al their princes lyke as Zebea and Zalmana.

Which saye: let vs take to our selues the houses of God in possession.

O my God make theim lyke vnto a whele: & as the stubble before the wind.

Lyke as the fyer that burneth vp the wood: and as the flame that cōsumeth the mountaynes.

Persecute them euē so with thy tēpest: & make them afrayde with thy storme.

Make their faces ashamed, O Lord: that they maye seke thy name.

Let theim be confounded and vexed

euer

euer more and more: let them be put to shame and perysshe.

And they shall knowe, that thou (whose name is Iehouah:) art only the moost hyest ouer all the yearth.

The.lxxxiiii.Psalme.

Quam dilecta tabernacula.

To the Chaunter vpon Githith. a Psalme, of the sonnes of Corah.

O how amiable are thy dwellinges: thou Lorde of hostes:

My soule hath a desyre and longyng to entre into the courtes of the lord: my heart and my flesshe reioyce in the liuing God.

Yea the sparowe hath founde her an house, and the swalow a nest where she maye laye her yong: euen thy alters O lorde of hostes, my kynge and my god.

Blessed are they that dwell in thy house: they wyll be alway prayeng the.

Blessed is that mā, whose strength is in thee: in whose heart are thy wayes.

Whiche goynge thorowe the vale of misery, vse it for a well: and the pooles are fylled with water.

They

They wyll go frō strength to strēgth: and vnto the God of Goddes appereth euery one of them in Sion.

O Lorde God of hooſtes, heare my prayer: herken, O God of Jacob.

Beholde, O God, oure defender: and loke vpon the face of thyne annoynted.

For one daye in thy courtes: is better then a thouſande.

I hadde rather be a dorekeper in the houſe of my God: then to dwell in the tentes of vngodlyneſſe.

For the Lorde god is a light & defēce: the Lorde wyll gyue grace & worſhyp, and no good thinge ſhall he wythholde frome them that lyue a godly lyfe.

O Lorde God of hooſtes: bleſſed is the man that putteth his truſt in the.

The.lxxxv.Pſalme.

Benedixiſti domine.

To the Chaunter a Pſalme of the ſonnes of Corah.

LOrde, thou art become gracious vnto thy lande: thou haſt turned awaye the Captiuitie of Jacob.

Thou hast forgeuē the offence of thy people: and couered all their sinnes.

Thou hast taken awaye all thy displeasure: and turned thy selfe from thy wrathfull indignacion.

Turne vs then, O god oure sauiour: and let thyne angre cease from vs.

Wylte thou be displeased at vs for euer: & wylt thou stretche out thy wrathe from one generacion to another?

Wylt thou not turne againe & quicke vs: that thy people maye reioyce in the?

Shew vs thy mercye, O Lorde: and graunt vs thy saluacion.

I wyll harken what the Lorde god wyll saye concerninge me: for he shall speake peace vnto his people, & to hys saynctes, that they turne not agayne.

For his saluacion is nye them that feare him: that glorye maye dwel in our lande.

Mercy & truth are met together: rygh-toulnes & peace haue kissed eche other.

Truth shall florysh out of the yearth: and righteoulnesse hathe loked doune

from

from heauen.

Yea, the lord shall shewe louing kindnes: & our lande shall geue her increase.

Righteousnes shall go before hym: & he shall directe his going in the waye.

The.lxxxvi.Psalme, or prayer of Dauid.

Inclina domine aurem.

BOwe doune thyne eare, O Lord, and heare me: for I am poore and in misery.

Preserue thou my soule, for I am holy: my God saue thy seruaunt, that putteth his trust in thee.

Be mercifull vnto me, O Lorde: for I wyll call dayly vpon the.

Comforte the soule of thy seruaũt: for vnto the (o lord) do I lifte vp my soule.

For thou Lorde arte good and gracious: and of great mercie vnto al them that call vpon the.

Geue eare Lorde vnto my praier: and pōder the voyce of my humble desires.

In the time of my trouble I wyll call vpon thee: for thou hearest me.

Among the goddes there is none like

vnto thee (O Lorde:) there is not one that can doo as thou doest.

All nacions whome thou haste made shall come & worshyp thee, O lorde: and shall glorifie thy name.

For thou art great and doest wonderous thinges: thou art god alone.

Teache me thy waye (o lorde) & I wyl walke in thy truth: O knyt my hearte vnto the, that I may feare thy name.

I wyll thanke thee, O Lord my God with all my heart: and wyll prayse thy name for euer.

For greate is thy mercy towarde me: and thou hast delyuered my soule from the nethermost hell.

O God, the proude are risen agaynst me: and the cõgregacions of naughtye men haue soughte after my soule, and haue not set thee before theyr eyes.

But thou (O Lorde god) art full of compassiõ and mercy: longe sufferinge, plenteous in goodnesse and truth.

O turne thee then vnto me, and haue mercy vpon mè: geue thy strength vn-

to

to thy seruaunt, and helpe the sonne of thyne hande mayde.

Shewe some good token vpon me, that they whiche hate me, maye se it, & be ashamed: because thou Lorde haste helped me, and conforted me.

The.lxxxvii. Psalme.

Fundamenta eius.

A Psalme and songe of the sonnes of Corah.

HEr foũdacions are vpon the holy hyls: the lorde loueth the gates of Siõ more thẽ al ỹ dwelliges of Jacob.

Very excellent thynges are spoken of thee: thou Cytie of God.

I wyll thynke vpon Rahab and Babilon: with them that knowe me.

Beholde ye the Philistines also: and they of Tire, with the Moriãs, lo there was he borne.

And of Sion it shalbe reported, that he was borne in her: and the most hiest shall stablyshe her.

The Lorde shall reherse it when he wryteth vp thee people: that he was

borne there.

The Singers also and Trumpetters shall he reherse: all my freshe springes shalbe in thee.

The.lxxxviii.Psalme.

Domine Deus salutis.

A songe and Psalme of the sonnes of Corah. To the Chaunter vpon Mahelah to geue thankes: an instrument of Heman the Ezrahite.

O Lorde God of my saluacion, I haue cryed daye and nyght before thee: O let my prayer enter into thy presence, incline thine eare vnto my calling.

For my soule is full of trouble: and my lyfe draweth nygh vnto hell.

I am counted as one of them that go doune vnto the pyt: and I haue ben eue as a man that hath no strength.

Free amonge the dead, lyke vnto the that be wounded lie in the graue, which be out of remembraunce: and are cut awaye from thy hande.

Thou hast layd me in the lowest pyt, in a place of darkenesse: & in the deepe.

Thyne indignacion lyeth harde vpon

on me: and thou hast vexed me wyth all thy stormes.

Thou hast put away myne acquayntaunce farre fro me: and made me to be abhorred of them.

I am so fast in prison: that I can not get furth.

My syght fayleth for very trouble: Lorde I haue called dayly vpon thee, I haue stretched out my hādes vnto thee.

Doest thou shewe wonders amonge the deade: or shall the deade ryse vp agayne and prayse thee?

Shall thy louynge kyndnes be shewed in the graue: or thy faithfulnesse in destruccion?

Shall thy wonderous workes be knowen in the darke: & thy ryghteousnesse in the lande where all thinges are forgoten?

Vnto thee haue I cryed, o lord: and erly shall my prayer come before thee:

Lorde, why abhorrest thou my soule: and hydest thou thy face fro me?

I am in misery, & lyke vnto hym that

is at the poynte to dye: (euen from my youthe vp) thy terrors haue I suffered, with a troubled mynde.

Thy wrathful displeasure goeth ouer me: & the feare of thee hath vndoen me.

They came rounde aboute me dayly lyke water: and compassed me together on euery syde.

My louers & frendes haste thou put awaye fro me: and hyd myne acquayntaunce out of my sight.

The .lxxxix. Psalme. Misericordias domine.

An Instruccion of Ethan the Ezrahite.

My songe shalbe alwaye of thee louing kyndnesse of the lorde: with my mouth wyll I euer be shewynge thy truth, from one generacion to a nother.

For I haue sayde, mercy shall be set vp for euer: thy truthe shalte thou stablyshe in the heauens.

I haue made a couenaũt w̄ my chosē: I haue sworne vnto Dauid my seruãt.

Thy seede wyll I stablyshe for euer: and set vp thy throne from one generacion to another.

O Lord, the very heauens shal praise thy wonderous workes: & thy truthe in the congregacion of the saintes.

For who is he amonge the cloudes: that shalbe compared vnto the Lorde?

And what is he among the Goddes: that shalbe lyke vnto the Lorde.

God is very greatly to be feared in the counsel of the saintes: and to be had in reuerence of all thē that are about him.

O Lorde God of hostes, who is lyke vnto thee: thy truth (moste mightie lord) is on euery syde.

Thou rulest the raging of the sea: thou stillest the waues therof, whē they arise

Thou hast subdued Egipt & destroyed it: thou hast scattered thine enemies abrode with thy mighty arme.

The heauens are thyne, the earth also is thyne: thou hast layde the foundacion of the rounde worlde, & all that therin is.

Thou hast made the North and the South: Tabor and Hermon shall reioyse in thy name.

Thou

Thou hast a myghty arme: strong is thy hande, and high is thy righthande.

Righteousnesse and equitie is the habitacion of thy seate: mercy and truthe shall go before thy face.

Blessed is the people (O Lorde) that can reioyce in thee: they shall walke in the lyght of thy countenaunce.

Their delyght shall be daylye in thy name: & in thy righteousnes shall they make their boast.

For thou art the glory of their strēgth: and in thy louinge kyndnesse thou shalt lyfte vp our hornes.

For the Lorde is our defence: the holy one of Israell is our kynge.

Thou spakest sometime in visiōs vnto thy saynctes, & saydest: I haue layed helpe vpon one that is mightie, I haue exalted one chosen out of the people.

I haue founde Dauid my seruaunte: with my holy oyle haue I anoynted hi.

My hande shall holde hym faste: and my arme shall strenthen hym.

The enemye shall not be able to doe him

hym violence: the sonne of wyckednesse shall not hurte hym.

I shall smyte doune his fooes before his face: & plague them that hate hym.

My truth also and my mercy shal be wyth him: & in my name shal his horne be exalted.

I wyll set his dominion also in thee sea: & his right hande in the floudes.

He shal cal me: thou art my father, my God and my saluacion.

And I wyl make him my fyrst borne: hygher then the kinges of the yearth.

My mercy wyll I kepe for him for euermore: and my couenaunt shall stãde fast with him.

His seed also wyl I make to indure for euer: & his throne as the dayes of heuẽ.

But if his children forsake my lawe: and walke not in my iudgementes.

If they breake my statutes and kepe not my commaundementes: I wyll visset their offences wyth the roode, and their sinnes with scurges

Neuertheless, my louinge kyndnesse wyll

wyll I not vtterly take from hym: nor
suffer my truth to fayle.

My couenaunt wyll I not breake, nor
alter the thinge that is gone out of my
lyppes: I haue swore once by my holy-
nesse, that I wyll not fayle Dauid.

His sede shall endure for euer: & hys
seate is lyke as the sonne before me.

He shall stand fast for euermore as the
Moone: and as the faithfull witnesse in
heauen.

But thou hast abhorred and forsaken
thine anoynted: & art displeased at him.

Thou hast broken the couenaunte of
thy seruaunt: and cast his crowne to the
ground.

Thou hast ouerthrowen all his hed-
ges: & broken doune his strong holdes.

All they that go by, spoyle him: & he is
become a rebuke vnto his neighbours.

Thou hast set vp the right hande of
his enemyes: and made all hys aduer-
saries to reioyce.

Thou hast taken awaye the edge of
hys sword: & geuest hym not victorie in

the

the battayle.

Thou hast put out his glory: & caste his throne doune to the grounde.

The daies of his youth hast thou shortened: & couered him wyth dishonour.

Lorde, howe longe wylte thou hyde thy selfe, for euer: and shall thy wrath burne lyke fyre.

O remembre howe shorte my tyme is: wherfore hast thou made all men for naught?

What man is he that lyueth & shall not se death: and shall he delyuer hys owne soule from the hande of hell?

Lorde, where are thy olde louinge kyndnesses: Whiche thou swoorest vnto Dauid in thy truth?

Remẽbre (Lorde) the rebuke that thy seruaũtes haue: & howe I do beare i my bosome the rebukes of many people.

Wherwith thine enemies haue blasphemed thee: & sclaundered the foote-stepes of thyne anoynted, praysed be the lorde for euermore. Amen. Amen.

The .xc. Psalme.

Domine

Domine refugium.

A prayer of Moses the man of God.

LOrde, thou hast been our refuge: frō one generaciō vnto another.

Before the mountaines were brought forth, or euer the yearth and the worlde were made: thou arte God from euerlastynge and worlde wythout ende.

Thou turnest man to destruccion: agayne thou sayest, come agayne ye children of men.

For a thoulande yeares in thy syghte are but as yester daye: seing that is past as a watche in the nyght.

Assone as thou scatterest them, they are euen as a slepe: and fade awaye sodenly lyke the grasse.

In the morning it is grene & groweth vp: but in the euenynge it is cut doune (dryed vp) and withered.

For we cōsume away in thy displeasure: and are afrayed at thy wrathfull indignacion.

Thou hast set oure misdeedes before thee: & oure secrete synnes in the syghte of

of thy countenaunce.

For when thou arte angrye, all oure daies are gone: we bringe our yeares to an ende, as it were a tale that is tolde.

The dayes of oure age, are three score yeares and tenne, and though men be so stronge that they come to foure score yeares: yet is theyr strength then but labour and sorowe, so sone palleth it awaye, and we are gone.

But who regardeth the power of thy wrath: for euen thereafter as a man feareth, so is thy displeasure.

O teach vs to nõbre our daies: that we may applie our hartes vnto wysdome.

Turne thee agayne (O Lorde) at the last: & be greactous vnto thy seruaũtes.

O satisfye vs wyth thy mercye, and that sone: so shal we reioyce & be gladde all the dayes of oure lyfe.

Comforte vs agayne, nowe after the tyme that thou haste plagued vs: and for the yeares wherin wee haue suffered aduersitie.

Shewe thy seruauntes thy woorke: and

and their children glory.

And the glorious Maiestie of thee lorde our god be vpon vs: prosper thou the worke of oure handes vpon vs, O prosper thou oure handy worke.

The.xci. Psalme.

Qui habitat.

WHoso dwelleth vnder the defence of the most hiest: shall abyde vnder the shadowe of the almightie.

I wyll saye vnto the Lorde: thou art my hope and my strong holde, my god, in hym wyll I trust.

For he shall delyuer thee frome the snare of the hunter: and from thee noysome pestilence.

He shall defende thee vnder his wynges, and thou shalte be safe vnder hys fethers: his faythfulnes and truth shal be thy shielde and buckeler.

Thou shalte not be afrayde for any terrour by night: nor for the arowe that flyeth by daye.

For the pestilence that walketh in the darkenesse: nor for the sickenesse that destroieth

stroyeth in the noone daye.

A thousande shall fall beside thee: & ten thousande at thy right hande, but it shall not come nye the.

Yea with thyne eyes shalte thou beholde: & se the rewarde of the vngodly.

For thou Lorde art my hope: thou hast set thine house of defence very hye.

There shall no euyll happē vnto the: neyther shall any plague come nye thy dwellynge.

For he shall geue his Angels charge ouer the: to kepe thee in all thy wayes.

They shall beare the in their handes: that thou hurte not thy foote agaynste a stone.

Thou shalte go vpon the Lyon and adder: the yonge Lyon and the dragon shalt thou treade vnder thy fete.

Because he hath set his loue vpon me, therfore shall I delyuer hym: I shall set hī vp, because he hath knowē my name.

He shal cal vpon me, and I wyl heare him: yea I am with hī in trouble, I wyl delyuer hym, & bryngе hym to honoure.

With longe lyfe wyll I satisfie hym: and shewe him my saluacion.

The.xcii. Psalme.

Bonum est confiteri.

A Psalme and songe for the Sabboth daye.

IT is a good thynge to geue thankes vnto the lorde: & to syng prayses vnto thy name, O most highest.

To tell of thy louing kyndnes early in the morntnge: and of thy truethe in the nyght season.

Upon an instrumēt of tenne stringes, and vpon the lute: vpon a loude instrument and vpon the harpe.

For thou Lorde haste made me glad throughe thy workes: and I will reioyce in geuinge prayse for the operacions of thy handes.

O lord, how glorious are thy workes: and thy thoughtes are very depe.

An vnwyse mā doth not well cōsidre this: and a foole dothe not vnderstād it.

When the vngodly are grene as the grasse, and whē all the woorkes of wickednes do florysshe: then shall they be destroyed

destroyed for euer, but thou lorde art the moste highest for euermore.

For lo, thine enemies, O lord, lo thine enemies shall perysshe: and all the workers of wyckednes shalbe destroyed.

But my horne shalbe exalted, lyke the horne of an Unicorne: for I am anoynted with freshe oyle.

Myne eye also shall se his lust of mine enemyes: and myne eare shall heare his delyre of thee wycked that ryse vp a gaynste me.

The ryghteous shall florysshe lyke a Palme tree: and shall spreade abrod lyke a Cedre in Libanus.

Suche as be planted in the house of the lorde: shall florysshe in the courtes (of the house) of our God.

They shall also brig forth more fruite in their age: & shalbe fat & well lykynge.

That they may shewe, howe true the lorde my strength is: and that there is no vnryghteousnes in hym.

The. xciii. Psalme.

Dominus regnauit.

The lorde is kynge, and hath put on glorious apparell: the lorde hathe put on his apparell, and gyrded hymselfe with strength.

He hathe made the rounde worlde so sure: that it can not be moued.

Euer sence the world began hathe thy seate been prepared: thou art from euerlastyng.

The fludes are rysen (O Lorde) the fludes haue lyfte vp theyr noyse: thee fludes lyfte vp the waues.

The Waues of the sea are myghtye and rage horribilye: but yet the lord that dwelleth on hye, is myghtier.

Thy testimonies o lord, are very sure: holynes becõmeth thyne house for euer.

The. xciiii. Psalme.

Deus vltionum.

O Lord God to whom vengeaunce belongeth: thou god to whom vẽgeaunce belongeth, shewe thy selfe.

Aryse thou iudge of the worlde, & rewarde the proude after theyr deseruing: lorde howe long shal the vngodly, how

longe

longe shall the vngodly triumphe:

Howe long shall all the wicked doers speake so disdaynefully: & make suche proude boastyng:

They smite doune thy people, O lorde: and trouble thyne herytage.

They murther the widdowe, and the straunger: & put the fatherles to death.

And yet they saye, tushe the lorde shal not see: neyther shall the God of Jacob regarde it.

Take hede, ye vnwise among the people: O ye fooles, whē wyl ye vnderstād:

He that planted the eare, [illegible] he not heare: or he that made the eye [illegible] all he not see:

Or he that nurtureth the heathen: it is he that teacheth man knowlege, shal not he punyshe:

The lorde knoweth the thoughtes of man: that they are but vayne.

Blessed is the mā whom thou chastenest (O lorde: & teachest him in thy lawe.

That thou mayst geue him pacience, in tyme of aduersytie: vntyll the pyt be

digged vp for the vngodly.

For the lord wil not fayle his people: neither wil he forsake his inheritaunce.

Untyll righteousnes turne agayne vnto iudgement: all suche as be true in hearte shall folowe it.

Who wyll ryse vp with me agaynste the wicked: or who wyll take my parte against the euyll doers?

If the Lorde had not helped me: it had not fayled, but my soule had been put to silence.

But when I sayd my foote hath slipped: thy mercy (O Lorde) helde me vp.

In the multitude of the sorowe that I had in my heart: thy comfortes haue refreshed my soule.

Wylte thou haue any thinge to doe wyth the stole of wyckednes: whiche imagineth mischiefe as a lawe?

They gather them together agaynste the soule of the righteous: & condemne the innocent bloude.

But the Lorde is my refuge: and my God is the strength of my confydence.

He

He shall recōpence them their wickednes, & destroy thē in theyr owne malice: yea, the lorde our God shall destroy thē.

The .xcv. Psalme.

Venite exultemus.

O Come, let vs sing vnto the Lord: let vs heartely reioyce in thee strength of our saluacion.

Let vs come before his presence with thankesgeuynge: and shewe oure selfe glad in him with Psalmes.

For the Lorde is a great God: and a greate kynge aboue all Goddes.

In his hande are al the corners of the yearth: and the strength of the hylles is hys also.

The sea is hys, and he made it: and his handes prepared the drye lande.

O come, let vs worshipp and fal doune: and knele before the lorde oure maker.

For he is (the lord) our God: and We are the people of hys pasture, and the shepe of hys handes.

To daye if ye wyll heare hys voyce, harden not your heartes: as in the pro-

uocacion

uocation and as in the daye of temptacion in the wilderneſſe.

When your fathers tempted me: proued me, and ſawe my workes.

Fortye yeares longe was I greued wyth this generacion, and ſayde: it is a people that do erre in theyr heartes, for they haue not knowen my wayes.

Unto whome I ſware in my wrath: that they ſhould not entre into my reſt.

The.xcvi.Pſalme.

Cantate domino.

O Sing vnto the lorde a new ſong: ſing vnto the Lorde, al the whole yearth.

Syng vnto the lorde, and prayſe hys name: be tellyng of hys ſaluacion frome daye to daye.

Declare his honor vnto the heathen: and his wonders vnto all people.

For the Lorde is greate and can not worthely be prayſed: he is more to be feared then all goddes.

As for all the goddes of the heathen, they be but Idols: but it is the Lorde

that

that made the heauens.

Glory and worshyp are before hym: power & honour are in his Sanctuary.

Ascrybe vnto the Lorde (O ye kynredes of the people:) ascribe vnto the Lorde worshyp and power.

Ascribe vnto the lorde, the honor due vnto his name: bryngе presentes, and come into his courtes.

O worshyp the lorde in the beautie of holynes: let the whole yearth stande in awe of him.

Tel it out amonge the heathen, that the lorde is king: and that it is he which hath made the round world so fast that it cannot be moued, & howe that he shal iudge the people righteously.

Let the heauens reioyce, and let thee yearth be glad: let the sea make a noyce and all that therin is.

Let the fielde be ioyfull and all that is in it: thē shal al the trees of the wood reioyce before the lorde.

For he cōmeth, for he cōmeth to iudge the yearth: and with righteousnes to

iudge the worlde, and the people wyth his trueth.

The. xcvii. Psalme.

Dominus regnauit.

THe lorde is kyng: the earth maye be glad therof, yea the multitude of the Iles maye be glade therof.

Cloudes and darkenes are round aboute him: righteousnes and iudgemēt are the habitacion of his seate.

There shall go a fyre before him: and burne vp his enemyes on euery syde.

His lightnynges gaue shyne vnto the worlde: the yearth sawe it and was afrayde.

The hylles melted like waxe at the presence of the Lorde: at the presence of the Lorde, of the whole yearth.

The heauens declared his righteousnes: & al the people haue seen his glory.

Confounded be all they that worshipp carued ymages, & that delyght in vaine goddes: worshipp him all ye goddes.

Sion hearde of it, and reioyced: and the doughters of Iuda were glade, because

cause of thy iudgementes, O lorde.

For thou lorde arte hyer then all that are in the yearth: thou art exalted farre aboue all Goddes.

O ye that loue the lord, se that ye hate the thyng whiche is euill: the lorde preserueth the soules of hys sayncte, he shall deliuer them from the hand of the vngodly.

There is spronge vp a lyght for the righteous: and ioyful gladnes for suche as be true harted.

Reioyce in the lord, ye righteous: and geue thãkes for a remembraunce of his holynes.

The.xcviii.Psalme.

Cantate domino.

A Psalme (for Dauid.)

O Sing vnto the Lord a newe sõg: for he hathe done meruaylous thynges.

With his owne right hand and with his holye arme: hath he gotten himselfe the victory.

The Lorde declared his saluacion:

his righteoulnes hath he openly shewed in the syght of the heathen.

He hathe remembred his mercy and trueth toward the houle of Israell: and all the endes of the world haue seen the saluacion of our God.

Shewe youre selues ioyfull vnto the Lorde all ye landes: synge, reioyce and geue thankes.

Prayse the Lorde vpon the harpe: synge to the harpe with a Psalme of thankesgeuinge.

With trompettes also & shawmes: O shewe your selues ioyfull before thee Lorde the kynge.

Let the sea make a noyse and all that therin is: the rounde worlde, and they that dwell therin.

Let the floudes clappe theyr handes and let the hilles be ioyfull together before the lorde: for he is come to iudge the yearth.

With righteoulnes shall he iudge the worlde: and the people with equitie.

The

The.xcix.Psalme, of Dauid.

Dominus regnauit.

THe Lorde is kynge, be the people neuer so vnpaciēt: he sytteth betwine the Cherubyns, be the yearth neuer so vnquiet.

The lorde is great in Syon: and hye aboue all the people.

They shal geue thākes vnto thy name: whiche is greate wonderfull and holy.

The kinges power loueth iudgemēt, thou hast prepared equitie: thou haste executed iudgement and rightoulnes in Jacob.

O magnifye the lord our god: and fal doune before his fotestole, for he is holy.

Moses and Aaron amonge his prestes, and Samuell among suche as call vpon his name: these called vpon the lorde, and he heard them.

He spake vnto them out of the cloudy pyller: for they kepte his testimonies, & the lawe that he gaue them.

Thou heardest them (O Lorde oure God:) thou forgauest them, O god, and

punishedest their owne inuencions.

O magnifye the lorde oure God: and worship him vpon his holy hyll, for the Lorde our God is holy.

The. C. Psalme.

Jubilate deo.

A Psalme for thankesgeuing.

O Be ioyfull in the lorde (all ye landes:) serue the Lorde wyth gladnes, and come before his presence wyth a longe.

Be ye sure that the Lorde he is God: it is he that hath made vs, and not we oure selues, we are his people, and the shepe of his pasture.

O go youre waye into his gates with thankesgeuynge, and into hys courtes with praise: be thankeful vnto him, and speake good of his name.

For the lorde is gracious, his mercye is euerlastyng: and his trueth endureth from generacion to generacion.

The. C. i. Psalme.

A Psalme of Dauid.

Misericordiam et.

My songe shalbe of mercy & iudgemēt: vnto the (o lord) wyl I sing.

O let me haue vnderstandyng: in the waye of godlynes.

When wilt thou come vnto me: I wil walke in my house with a perfite heart.

I wyll take no wicked thing in hand: I hate the synnes of vnfaythefulnes, there shall no suche cleaue vnto me.

A froward heart shall depart fro me: I wyll not knowe a wicked person.

Who so preuely slaūdereth his neighbor: hym wyll I destroye.

Who so hathe also a proude loke and hye stomacke: I wyll not suffer him.

Myne eyes looke vnto suche as bee faythfull in the lande: that they maye dwell wyth me.

Who so leadeth a godly lyfe: he shall be my seruaunt.

There shall no deceytfull persone dwell in my house: he that telleth lyes shall not tary in my sight.

I shall soone destroy all the vngodly that are in the lande: that I maye roote

oute all wycked doers from the citie of the lorde.

The.C.ii.Psalme.

Domine exaudi oracionem.

A prayer of the afflict, when he hath an heaut harte and powreth out his complaynt before the Lorde.

HEare my prayer, O Lord: and let my crying come in vnto the.

Hide not thy face fro me in the tyme of my trouble: enclyne thine eares vnto me whē I call, O heare me, and that right sone.

For my dayes are consumed awaye lyke smoke: and my bones are brent vp, as it were a fyrebrande.

My hearte is smitten downe, and withered lyke grasse: so that I forgatte to eate my bread.

For the voyce of my gronynge: my bones wyll scarce cleaue to my flesshe.

I am become lyke a Pellicane in the wildernesse: and lyke an Owle that is in the desert.

I haue watched, and am euen as it were a sparowe: that sytteth alone vpō the houle toppe.

Myne

Myne enemyes reuyle me all the daye longe: and they that are mad vpon me, are sworne together agaynst me.

For I haue eaten asshes as it were bread: and mingled my drinke with wepynge.

And that because of thyne indignacion and wrath: for thou haste taken me vp, and cast me doune.

My dayes are goen lyke a shadowe: and I am wythered lyke grasse.

But thou (O lorde) shalte endure for euer: and thy remembraunce throughout all generacions.

Thou shalt aryse and haue mercy vpō Syon: for it is tyme that thou haue mercy vpon her, yea the tyme is come.

And why? thy seruauntes thyncke vpon her stones: and it pitieth them to se her in the dust.

The heathen shal feare thy name, O Lorde: and all the kynges of the yearth thy maiestye.

When the Lorde shal buyld vp Sion: and when his glory shall appeare.

When

When he turneth him vnto the prayer of the poore destitute: and despyseth not theyr desyre.

This shalbe written for those that come after: & the people whiche shalbe borne, shall prayse the Lorde.

For he hath looked downe from his sanctuarye out of the heauē dyd the lord beholde the yearth.

That he might heare the mournīges of suche as be in captiuitie: and delyuer the children appoynted vnto death.

That they maye declare the name of the Lorde in Syon: and his worshyp at Jerusalem.

When the people are gathered together: and the kyngdomes also to serue the Lorde.

He brought downe my strength in my iourney: and shortened my dayes

But I sayde, O my god take me not awaye in the middeste of myne age: as for thy yeares, they endure throughoute all generacions.

Thou Lorde, in the begynnynge hast layed

layed the foundacion of the yearth: and thee heauens are the wooꝛke of thy handes.

They ſhall periſhe, but thou ſhalte endure: they all ſhal waxe olde as dothe a garment.

And as a veſture ſhalt thou chaunge them, and they ſhalbe chaunged: but thou art the ſame, and thy yeares ſhall not fayle.

The chyldꝛen of thy ſeruauntes ſhall continue: and their ſeed ſhall ſtande faſt in thy ſyght.

The. C. iii. Pſalme of Dauid.

Benedic anima mea.

PRayſe the Loꝛde, O my ſoule: & all that is within me pꝛayſe hys holy name.

Pꝛayſe the Loꝛde o my ſoule: and foꝛget not all his benefites.

Whiche foꝛgeueth all thy ſynne: and healeth all thyne infirmities.

Which ſaueth thy lyfe from deſtruction: and crowneth the wyth mercy and louyng kyndneſſe.

Which

Whiche satisfieth thy mouth wyth good thynges: makynge the yonge and lusty as an Aegle.

The Lorde executeth righteousnes & iudgement: for all them that are oppressed with wronge.

He shewed his wayes vnto Moses: his workes vnto the children of Israel.

The lord is ful of cõpassion and mercy: long suffering, and of great goodnes

He wyll not alwaye be chydyng: neyther kepeth he his anger for euer.

He hath not delte with vs after oure synnes: nor rewarde vs accordinge to our wickednes.

For loke howe hye the heauen is in cõparison of the yearth: so greate is hys mercy also towarde thẽ that feare hym.

Looke howe wyde also the easte is from the west: so farre hathe he set oure synnes from vs.

Yea lyke as a father pitieth his owne children: euen so is the Lorde mercyfull vnto them that feare hym.

For he knoweth Wherof We be made:

he

he remembred that we are but dust.

The dayes of man are but as grasse: for he flourysheth as a flower of the feld.

For as sone as the wynde goeth ouer it, it is gone: and the place therof shall knowe it nomore.

But the mercyfull goodnesse of the Lorde indureth for euer, and euer vpon them that feare hym: and his ryghteousnes vpon childres chyldren.

Euen vpon suche as kepe his couenaunt: and thinke vpon his commaundementes to do them.

The Lorde hath prepared his seat in heauē: & his kyngdome ruleth ouer all.

O prayse the Lorde ye angels of his, ye that excell in strength: ye that fulfyll his commaundement, and herken vnto the voyce of his Wordes.

O prayse the Lord al ye his hostes: ye seruauntes of his, that do his pleasure.

O speake good of the Lorde all ye workes of his, in all places of his dominiō: prayse thou the Lorde, O my soule.

The. C. iiii. Psalme (for Dauid.)

Benedic

Benedic anima.

PRayse the Lorde O my soule, O Lorde my God: thou art become exceadynge glorious, thou arte clothed with maiestye and honour.

Thou deckest thy selfe wyth lyght as it were with a garmente: and spredeste out the heauens lyke a curtayne.

Whiche layeth the beames of hys chambre in the waters: and maketh the cloudes his charet, and walketh vpon the wynges of the wynde.

He maketh his Angels spirites: and his minysters a flamyng fyre.

He layed the foundacion of the earth: that it neuer should moue at any tyme.

Thou coueredest it with the depe like as with a garment: the waters stande in the hylles.

At thy rebuke they flye: at the voyce of thy thondre they are afrayed.

They go vp as hye as the hylles, and doune to the baylleys beneth: euen vnto the place which thou hast appointed for them.

Thou

Thou haste set them theyr bondes,
which they shal not passe: neither turne
agayne to couer the yearth.

He sendeth the springes into the ry-
uers: whiche runne amonge the hilles.

All beastes of the field drynke therof:
& the wilde asses quenche their thirst.

Beside theim shall the foules of the
ayre haue theyr habitacion: and synge
amonge the braunches.

He watereth the hylles from aboue:
the yearth is filled with the fruite of thy
workes.

He bringeth forth grasse for the catell:
and grene herbe for the seruyce of men.

That he maye bringe foode out of the
earth, and wyne that maketh glade the
hearte of man: and oyle to make hym a-
chterfull countenaunce, and breade to
strenghth mannes hearte.

The trees of the Lorde also are full
of sappe: euen the Cedres of Lybanus
whiche he hath planted.

Wherin the birdes make their nestes:
and the Firre trees are a dwellynge for
the

the Storke.

The hye hylles are a refuge for the wylde goates: & so are the stony rockes for the Conies.

He appoynted the moone for certayne seasons: and the sunne knoweth hys goyng doune.

Thou makest darknes that it may be night: wherin al the beastes of the forest do moue.

The Lions roaring after theyr pray: do seke their meate at God.

The Sunne aryseth, & they get them away together: and laye them doune in their dennes.

Man goeth forth to his worke and to his labour: vntyll the euening.

O Lorde howe manifolde are thy workes: in wisdome hast thou made them all, the earth is full of thy riches.

So is the great & wide sea also: wher in are thynges creppynge innumerable, both small and greate beastes.

There go the shippes, & there is that Leuiathan: whome thou hast made to

take

take his pastyme therin.

These wayte all vpon thee: that thou mayest geue them meate in due season.

When thou geuest it thē, they gather it: and whē thou openest thy hand, they are fylled with good.

Whē thou hidest thy face, they are troubled: whē thou takest away theyr breth they die, & ar turned again to theyr dust.

When thou lettest thy breth go furth they shalbe made: and thou shalt renue the face of the yearth.

The glorious maiestie of the Lorde shall endure for euer: the Lorde shall reioyce in his workes.

The yearth shall tremble at the loke of hym: yf he doe but touche the hylles, they shall smoke.

I wyll singe vnto the Lorde as longe as I lyue: I wyll prayse my God whyle I haue my beinge.

And so shall my wordes please hym: my ioye shalbe in the Lorde.

As for synners, they shalbe consumed out of the yearth, and the vngodly shall

come to an ende: prayse thou the Lorde O my soule, prayse the Lorde.

The. C. v. Psalme. (Prayse the Lorde.)

Confitemini domino.

O Geue thankes vnto the Lorde, & call vpon his name: tell the people what thynges he hath done.

O let your songes be of hym, & prayse him: and let your talkynge be of all hys wonderous workes.

Reioyce in his holy name: let the hart of them reioyce that seke the Lorde.

Seke the Lord, and his strength: seke his face euermore.

Remembre the marualous workes that he hath done: his wonders and the iudgementes of his mouth.

O ye seed of Abraham his seruaunte: ye chyldren of Iacob his chosen.

He is the Lorde oure God: hys iudgementes are in all the worlde.

He hath been allwaye myndful of hys couenaunte and promyse: that he made to a thousande generacions.

Euen the couenaunte that he made wyth

wyth Abraham: and the othe that he swore vnto Isaac.

And appointed the same vnto Jacob for a lawe: and to Israell for an euerlastyng testament.

Saying, vnto thee wyl I geue the lād of Canaā: the lot of your enheritaunce.

Whē there was yet but a fewe of thē: and they straungers in the lande.

What tyme as they went from one nacion to another: from one kingdome to another people.

He suffered no man to do thē wrong: but reproued euē kiges for theyr sakes.

Touche not myne anoynted: and do my Prophetes no harme.

Moreouer, he called for a dearth vpon the lande: and destroyed all the prouision of bread.

But he had sente a man before them: euen Joseph whiche was solde to be a bonde seruaunt.

Whose fete they hurte in the stockes: the yron entred into his soule.

Untyll the tyme came that his cause

was knowen: the worde of the Lorde tryed hym.

The kynge sent and delyuered hym: the prynce of the people let hym go free.

He made him Lord also of hys house: and ruler of all his substaunce.

That he might enfourme his princes after hys wyll: and teache his Senatours wysdome.

Israel also came into Egipt: & Jacob was a straunger in the lande of Ham.

And he encreased his people exceedingly: and made them stronger then theyr enemyes.

Whose hearte turned so that they hated his people: and dealt vntruly wyth his seruauntes.

Then sent he Moses his seruaunt: & Aaron whome he had chosen.

And these shewed his tokens among them: & wonders in the land of Ham.

He sent darckenes, and it was darke: & they were not obediēt vnto his worde.

He turned theyr waters into bloude: and slewe theyr fyshe.

Theyr

Theyr lande brought forth frogges: yea, euen in theyr kynges chaumbres.

He spake the Word, & ther came all maner of flyes: & lyce in all theyr quarters.

He gaue them hayle stones for rayne: and flames of fyer in theyr lande.

He smote their vines also and fygge trees: and destroyed the trees that were in theyr coastes.

He spake the worde, and the greshoppers came, & caterpillers innumerable: & did eate vp al the grasse in their land, and deuoured the fruite of their ground.

He smote all the fyrste borne in theyr land: euen the chiefe of al their strength.

He brought them forthe also with syluer and golde: there was not one feble persone among theyr trybes.

Egypt was glad at theyr departyng: for they were afrayde of them.

He spred out a cloud to be a couerynge: & fyre to geue light in the nyght season.

At theyr desyre he brought quales: & he filled them wyth the bread of heauē.

He opened the rocke of stone, and the

waters flowed out: so that ryuers ran in the drye places.

For why? he remembred his holy promise: and Abraham his seruaunt.

And he brought furth his people with ioye: and his chosen with gladnes.

And gaue them the lādes of the heathen: and they tooke the labours of the people in possession.

That they maye kepe his statutes: & obserue his lawes.

The. C. vi. Psalme. (Prayse the Lorde.)

Confitemini domino.

O Geue thankes vnto the Lorde, for he is gracious: and his mercy endureth for euer.

Who can expresse the noble actes of the Lorde: or shewe furth all his praise.

Blessed are they that alwaye kepe iudgement: and do ryghteousnesse.

Remembre me O Lorde, according to the fauour that thou beareſt vnto thy people: O visite me with thy saluacio.

That I maye see the felicitie of thy chosen, and reioyce in the gladnesse of thy

thy people: & gene thankes wyth thyne inheritaunce.

We haue synned with oure fathers: we heue done amys & dealt wickedly.

Oure fathers regarded not thy wonders in Egypte, neyther kepte they thy great goodnesse in remembraunce: but were disobedyent at the sea, euen at the reed sea.

Neuertheleſſe he helped them for hys name sake: that he myghte make hys power to be knowen.

He rebuked the reed sea also, and it was dryed vp: so he leade them through the depe as through a wyldernes.

And he saued them from the aduersaryes hande: and deliuered them from the hande of the enemie.

As for those that troubled them, the waters ouerwhelmed them: there was not one of them lefte.

Then beleued they his wordes: and sange prayse vnto hym.

But within a whyle they forgate hys worke: & wolde not abyde his counsayl.

But

But lust came vpon them in the wyl-
dernes: & they tẽpted God in the desert.
And he gaue them theyr desyre: & sent
leanesse with all into theyr soule.
They angred Moses also in the ten-
tes and Aaron the saint of the Lorde.
So the earth opened and swalowed
vp Dathan: and couered the congrega-
cion of Abiram.
And the fyre was kiled in theyr com-
pany: the flame brent vp the vngodly.
They made a calfe in Horeb: and wor-
shyped the molten ymage.
Thus they turned theyr glory, into
the similitude of a calfe: that eateth hey.
And they forgat God theyr Sauiour:
which had dõe so great thiges i Egipt.
Wonderous workes in the lande of
Ham: & fearfull thinges by the red sea.
So he saide, he would haue destroied
them, had not Moses his chosed stande
before hym in that gappe: to turne a-
waye his Wrathfull indignacion, lest he
shoulde destroye them.
Yea they thought scorne of the plea-
saunte

saunt lande: and gaue no credence vnto his worde.

But murmured in their tentes: & harkened not vnto the voyce of the Lorde.

Thē lift he vp his hand agaynst thē: to ouerthrowe them in the wildernesse.

To cast out their seed among the nacions: and to scatter them in the landes.

They ioyned them selues vnto Baal Peor: & eate the offeringes of the deade.

Thus they prouoked hym vnto angre wyth their owne inuēcions: and the plauge was great amonge them.

Thē stode vp Phinehes and prayed: and so the plague ceassed.

And that was counted vnto him for ryghteousnes: amonge all posterities for euermore.

They angred him also at the waters of stryfe: so that he punyshed Moses for their sakes.

Because they prouoked his spirite: so that he spake vnaduisedly w his lyps.

Neyther destroyed they the Heathen: as the Lorde commaunded them.

But were myngled amonge the heathen: and learned theyr workes.

Insomuch that they worshipped their ydols, whiche turned to their owne decaye: yea they offered their sonnes and doughters vnto deuyls.

And shed innocēt bloud, euē the bloud of their sōnes, & of their doughters: whō they offered vnto the ydols of Canaan, and the lande was defiled with bloude.

Thus were they stayned with theyr owne woorkes: and wente a whoryng with theyr owne inuencions.

Therfore was the wrath of the lorde kyndled agaynst his people: in somuche that he abhorred his owne enheritaūce.

And he gaue thē ouer into the hande of the heathen: and they that hated thē were lordes ouer them.

Their enemyes oppressed them: and had them in subiection.

Many a tyme dyd he delyuer thē: but they rebelled agaynste hym with their owne inuencions, and were broughte downe in their wickednes.

Never-

Neuertheleſſe, whē he ſawe theyr aduerſitie: he hearde theyr complaynte.

He thought vpon his couenaūt, & pitied thē, accordyng vnto the multytude of his mercies: yea, he made all thoſe that had led thē awaye captiue, to pitie thē.

Delyuer vs (O Lorde oure God) and gather vs frō amonge the heathen: that we may geue thākes to thy holy name, and make our boaſt of thy prayſe.

Bleſſed be the Lorde god of Iſraell from euerlaſtynge and worlde without ende: and let all people ſay. Amen.

The. cvii. Pſalme.

Confitemini domino.

O Geue thākes vnto the Lorde, for he is gracious: and his mercy endureth for euer.

Lette them geue thankes whome the Lorde hath redemed: and deliuered frō the hande of the enemie.

And gathered them out of the lādes: from the eaſt, and from the weſt, from the north, and from the ſouth.

They wēt aſtray in the wyldernes out

of the way: & found no citie to dwell in.

Hungry and thirstie: their soule fayn-ted in them.

So they cryed vnto the lorde in theyr trouble: and he delyuered them from their destresse.

He led them forth by the ryght waye: that they myght go to the cytie where they dwelt.

O that mē would therfore prayse the lorde, for his goodnes: & declare the wō-ders that he doeth for the childrē of mē.

For he satisfyed the emptie soule: and fylled the hungry soule with goodnes.

Suche as sit in darkenes and in the shadowe of deathe: beynge fast bounde in misery and yron.

Because they rebelled agaynst thee wordes of the Lord: and lyghtly regar-ded the counsayle of the most hiest,

He also broughte downe theyr hearte thorowe heuynes: they fell downe, and there was none to helpe them.

So when they cryed vnto the lorde in their trouble: he delyuered them oute of

theyr distresse.

For he brought them out of derkenes, and out of the shadowe of deathe: and brake their bandes in sondre.

O that men would therfore praise the lord for his goodnes: & declare the wonders that he doeth for the childrē of mē.

For he hathe brokē the gates of brasse: & smitten the barres of yron in sondre.

Foolishe men are plaged for their offence: and because of theyr wyckednesse.

Their soule abhorred all maner of meate: and they were euen hard at deathes doore.

So when they cryed vnto the Lorde, in theyr trouble: he delyuered them out of their distresse.

He sent his worde & healed them: and they were saued from theyr destruccion.

O that men wolde therfore prayse the lorde for his goodnes: & declare the wōders that he doth for the children of mē.

That they wolde offer vnto hym the sacryfice of thankes geuynge: and tell out his workes with gladnesse.

They that go downe to the sea in shyps: & occupie their busines in great waters.

These men se the workes of the lord: and his wonders in the depe.

For at his word the stormy wide arteth: which lifteth vp the waues therof.

They are caryed vp to the heauen, & downe agayne to the depe: their soule melteth away because of the trouble.

They rele to and fro, & stacker lyke a dronkē man: & are at their wittes ende.

So when they crye vnto the Lord in their trouble: he delyuereth them out of their distresse.

For he maketh the storme to cease: so that the waues therof are still.

Then are they glad, because they be at rest: and so he bryngeth them vnto the hauen where they woulde be.

O that men would therfore praise the lorde for his goodnes: & declare the wōders that he doth for the children of mē.

That they would exalte hī also in the congregacion of the people: and praise him in the seat of the elders.

Whiche

Which turneth the floudes into a wil-
dernes: & dryeth vp the water springes.
A fruitfull lande maketh he barre for
the wickednes of thē that dwell therin.
Agayne he maketh the wildernes a
standynge water: and watersprynges
of a drye grounde.
And there he sitteth the hungry: that
they may buylde them a citie to dwel in.
That they maye sowe their land: and
plante vineyardes, to yelde them frutes
of encreale.
He blesseth them, so that they multy-
ply excedinglye: and suffereth not theyr
cattall to decreale.
And agayne, when they are minished
and brought lowe: thorowe oppression
thorowe any plague or trouble.
Though he suffere them to be euyl in-
treated thorow tirauntes: and let them
wāder out of the way in the wildernes.
yet helpeth he the poore out of mise-
ry: and maketh hym housholdes lyke a
flocke of shepe.
The righteous wyll consider this, &

retoyce: and the mouth of all wickednes shalbe stopped.

Who so is wyse wyll ponder these thynges: and they shall vnderstand the louinge kyndnes of the Lorde.

The. cviii. Psalme.

Paratum cor meum.

A songe and a Psalme of Dauid.

O God my heart is redi (my heart is redy:) I wyl syng and geue prayse with the best memore that I haue.

Awake thou lute & harpe: I my selfe wyll awake ryght early.

I wyl geue thākes vnto the (O lord) amonge the people: I wyll synge prayses vnto thee amonge the nacions.

For thy mercie is greatter then the heauens: and thy trueth reacheth vnto the cloudes.

Set vp thy selfe (O God) aboue the heanēs: & thy glory aboue all the earth.

That thy beloued may be delyuered: let thy ryght hande saue them, & heare thou me.

God hathe spoken in his holynes: I

wyll

wyll reioyce therfore, and deuide Sichē and mete out the valley of Sucoth.

Gilead is myne, & Manasses is mine: Ephrai also is the strēgth of myne hed.

Juda is my lawegeuer, Moab is my washpot: ouer Edom wil I cast out my shoe, vpon Philistea wyll I triumphe.

Who wyll leade me into the stronge citie: & who wyll bryng me into Edom?

Hast not thou forsaken vs (O God:) & wilt not ye god, go forth with our hosts?

O helpe vs agaynste the enemye: for vayne is the helpe of man.

Thorowe god we shall do greate actes: and it is he that shall treade downe our enemies.

The. Cix. Psalme.

To the Chaunter a Psalme of Dauid.

Deus laudem meam.

HOlde not thy tongue (O God) of my prayse: for the mouth of the vngodly, yea, and the mouthe of the deceytfull is opened vpon me.

And they haue spoked agaynste me with false tongues: they compassed me about

a boute also with wordes of hatred, and fought agaynst me without a cause.

For the loue that I had vnto them: lo, they take nowe my contrary parte, but I geue my selfe vnto prayer.

Thus haue they rewarded me euyl for good: & hatred for my good wyll.

Set thou an vngodly mā to be ruler ouer him: and let Sathan stande at hys ryght hande.

When sentence is geuen vpon hym let him be condempned: & let hys prayer be turned into synne.

Let his dayes be fewe: & let another take his office.

Lette his children be fatherlesse: and his wyfe a wedowe.

Let his children be vagabounde, & begge their bread: let them seke it also out of desolate places.

Let the extorcioner cōsume al that he hath: & let ꝫ straungers spoyle his labor.

Let there be no manne to pitie hym: nor to haue cōpassion vpon his fatherlesse children.

Let

Let his posteritie be destroyed: and in the nexte generacion let his name bee cleane put out.

Let the wickednes of his fathers bee had in remembraũce in the syght of the Lorde: and let not the synne of his mother be done awaye.

Let thē alwaye be before the Lorde: that he maye roote out the memorial of them from the yearth.

And that because his minde was not to do good: but persecuted the poore helpless man, that he myghte slaye hym that was vexed at the hearte.

His delight was in cursinge, & it shall happē vnto him: he loued not blessyng, therfor shall it be farre from hym.

He clothed himselfe with cursing like as wyth a rayment: & it shall come into his bowels lyke water, and lyke oyle into his bones.

Let it be vnto him as the cloke that he hath vpon him: & as the girdle that he is alwaye girded with all.

Let it thus happen from the Lorde vnto

vnto myne enemies, and to thole that ſpeake euyl agaynſt my ſoule.

But deale thou with me (O Lorde) accordynge vnto thy name: for ſwete is thy mercy.

O deliuer me, for I am helpleſſe and poore: & my hart is woũded within me.

I go hence lyke the ſhadowe that departeth: and am driuen awaye as the graſhopper.

My knees are weeke thorow faſting: my fleſh is dryed vp for want of fatnes.

I became alſo a rebuke vnto thẽ: they that loke vpõ me, ſhaked their heades.

Helpe me (O Lord my God:) oh ſaue me according to thy mercy.

And they ſhal knowe howe that this is thy hãd: & that thou lord haſt done it.

Though they curſe, yet bleſſe thou: & let them be confounded that ryſe vp agaynſt me, but let thy ſeruaunte reioyce.

Let myne aduerſaries be clothed with ſhame: & let thẽ couer themſelues wyth their owne confuſion, as with a cloke.

As for me, I wyll geue great thankes

vnto

vnto the Lorde with my mouthe: and prayse hym amonge the multitude.

For he shall stande at the right hand of the poore: to saue his soule from vnrighteous iudges.

The.C.x. Psalme. A Psalme of Dauid.

Dixit dominus domino.

THe Lord sayd vnto my Lord: sit thou on my ryght hand, vntyl I make thyne enemyes thy fotestole.

The Lorde shall sende the rod of thy power out of Sion: be thou ruler euen in the myddest amonge thyne enemyes.

In the daye of thy power shal the people offer the frewyll offeringes with an holy worshyp: the dewe of thy byrthe is of the wombe of the morninge.

The Lord sware and will not repēt: thou art a preest for euer, after the order af Melchisedec.

The lord vpō thy right hād: shal woūd euen kinges in the day of his wrath.

He shall iudge amonge the heathen, he shall fil the places with dead bodies: and smite a sonder the heades ouer dy-

uers

uers countries.

He shall drynke of the brooke in the way: therfore shall he lifte vp his head.

Prayse the Lorde The. cxi. Psalme.

Confitebor tibi domine.

I wyl geue thankes vnto the Lord with my hole harte: secretly amõg the faythfull, and in the congregacion.

The workes of ỹ lord are great: sought out of all thẽ that haue pleasure therin.

His worke is worthy to be prayled & had in honour: and his righteousnesse endureth for euer.

The mercyfull & gracious Lord hath so done his merueylous workes: that they ought to be had in remembraunce.

He hath geuen meate vnto them that feare hym: he shall euer be myndfull of his couenaunte.

He hath shewed his people the power of his workes: that he maye geue them the heritake of the heathen.

The workes of his handes are verytie and iudgement: all his commaundementes are true.

They

They ſt and faſt for euer: & are done in trueth and equitie.

He ſente redempcion vnto his people: he hathe commaunded his couenaunte for euer, holy and reuerent is his name.

The feare of the Lorde is the begin-nynge of wyſdome: a good vnderſtan-dynge haue all they that do thereafter, the prayſe of it endureth for euer.

Prayſe the Lorde for the returnyng agayne of Aggeus and Zachary the Prophetes.

Prayſe the Lorde.

The. Cxii. Pſalme.

Beatus vir.

BLeſſed is the mā that feareth the Lorde: he hathe greate delyght in his commaundementes.

His ſeed ſhalbe mightie vpon yearth: the generacion of the faythfull ſhall be bleſſed.

Rychelle and plenteouſnelle ſhall be in his houſe: and his righteouſnelle en-dureth for euer.

Vnto the godly there ariſeth vp light in the darkenelle: he is merciful, louing, and ryghteous.

A good

A good man is mercifull, & lendeth: & will guyde his wordes with discrecion.

For he shall neuer be moued: and the righteous shall be had in euerlastynge remembraunce.

He wyll not be afrayed for any euill tydynges: for his heart standeth fast, and beleueth in the Lorde.

His hearte is stablyshed and wyll not shrynke: vntyll he see hys delyre vpon his enemies.

He hath sparcled abrode, and geuen to the pore: and his righteoulnes remayneth for euer, his horne shall be exalted with honor.

The vngodly shall see it, and it shall greue hi: he shall gnasshe with his teeth, and colume awaye, the delyre of the vngodly shall perysshe.

Prayse the Lorde.

The. C. xiii. Psalme. Laudate pueri.

PRayse the Lord (ye seruauntes:) O prayse the name of the Lorde.

Blessed be the name of the Lorde: frō this tyme fourth for euermore.

The

The Lordes name is prayſed: from the rylyng vp of the ſonne, vnto the goynge downe of the ſame.

The Lorde is hye aboue all heathen: and his glory aboue the heauens.

Who is lyke vnto the Lorde our god that hath his dwellynge ſo hye: and yet humbleth hymſelfe, to behold the thynges that are in heauen and yearth.

He taketh vp the ſymple out of the duſt: & lyfteth the poore out of the myer.

That he maye ſet hym wyth the princes: euē with the prynces of his people.

He maketh the baren woman to kepe houſe: & to be a ioyful mother of chyldrē.

Prayſe ye the Lorde.

The. C xiiii. Pſalme.

In exitu Iſrael.

When Iſrael came out of Egypte: and the houſe of Jacob frō amonge the ſtraunge people.

Juda was his Sanctuary: and Iſrael his domynion.

The ſea ſawe that, and fled: Jordan was driuen backe.

The moũtaynes skypped like rãmes: and the lytle hylles lyke yonge shepe.

What ayleth thee, O thou sea, that thou fleddest: & thou Iordan that thou wast dryuen backe.

Ye mountaynes, that ye skipped lyke rãmes: & ye litle hylles lyke yong shepe.

Tremble thou yearth at the presence of the lord: at the presence of the God of Iacob.

Whiche turned the harde rocke into a standynge water: and the flynte stone into a spryngyng well.

The. cxv. Psalme. Non nobis domine.

NOt vnto vs (O Lorde) not vnto vs, but vnto thy name geue thee prayse: for thy louynge mercy, and for thy truthes sake.

Wherfore shall the Heathen saye: where is nowe theyr God:

As for oure God he is in Heauen: he hath done whatsoeuer pleaseth hym.

Their ydolles are syluer and golde: euen the worke of mennes handes.

They haue mouth and speake not: eyes

eyes haue they and se not.

They haue eares and heare not: noses haue they and smell not.

They haue handes, and handle not: feete haue they and walke not, neyther speake they thorowe theyr throte.

They that make them are lyke vnto them: and so are all suche as put theyr truste in them.

But (house of) Israell truste thou in the lorde: he is their succour & defence.

Ye house of Aaron, put your trust in the lorde: he is theyr helper & defender.

Ye that feare the Lord, put your trust in the lord: he is their helper & defender.

The Lorde hath bene mindful of vs. and he shall blesse vs: euē he shall blesse the house of Israell, he shall blesse the house of Aaron.

He shal blesse them that feare the lord: both small and great.

The Lorde shall increase you more & more: you and your chyldren.

Ye are the blessed of the Lorde: which made heauen and yearth.

All the whole heauens are the lordes: the yearth hath he geuen to the children of men.

The dead prayse not the (O Lorde:) neyther all they that go doume into the sylence.

But we wyll prayse the Lorde: from this tyme furth for euermore.

Prayse the Lorde.

The .cxvi. Psalme. Dilexi quoniam.

I Am well pleased: that the Lorde hath herd the voyce of my prayer.

That he hath inclyned his eare vnto me: therfore wyll I call vpon hym as longe as I lyue.

The snares of death compassed me rounde about: & the paynes of hell gate holde vpon me.

I shal find trouble and heauines, & I shall call vpō the name of the lorde: (O lorde) I beseche thee deliuer my soule.

Gracious is the Lord and ryghteous: yea, our God is mercifull.

The Lorde preserueth the symple: I was in misery and he healped me.

Turne

Turne agaie thē vnto thy rest, O my soule: for the lorde hath rewarded the.

And why, thou hast deliuered my soul from death: mine eyes from teares, and my feete from fallyng.

I wyll walke before the Lorde: in the lande of the lyuyng.

I beleued, and therfore wyll I speke: but I was sore troubled, I sayde in my hast, all men are lyers.

What rewarde shal I geue vnto the Lord: for all the benefytes that he hath done vnto me.

I wyll receiue the cup of saluacion: and call vpon the name of the Lorde.

I wyll paye my vowes nowe in thee presence of all his people: ryght deare in the syghte of the Lorde, is the death of his saynctes.

Beholde (O Lorde) howe that I am thy seruaunte: I am thy seruaunte, and the sonne of thy handmayde, thou haste broken my bondes in sonder.

I wyll offre to the Sacrifice of thankes geuynge: and wyll call vpon the

name of the Lorde.

I wyll paye my vowes vnto the lord in the sight of all his people: in the courtes of the lordes house, euen in the middes of thee, O Jerusalem.

Prayse the Lorde.

The. Cxvii. Psalme.

Laudate dominum.

O Prayse the Lorde all ye heathen: o prayse hym all ye nations.

For his mercifull kyndnesse is euer more and more toward vs: & the trueth of the Lorde endureth for euer.

Prayse the Lorde.

The. Cxviii. Psalme.

Confitemini domino.

O Geue thankes vnto the Lord, for he is gracious: because hys mercy endureth for euer.

Let Israell nowe confesse that he is gracious and that his mercy endureth for euer.

Let the house of Aaron nowe cõfesse: that his mercye endureth for euer.

Yea, lette them nowe that feare the Lorde

Lorde: confesse that hys mercye endu-reth for euer.

I called vpon the lord in trouble: and the lorde hearde me at large.

The lorde is on my syde: I wyll not feare what man doeth vnto me.

The lord taketh my parte wyth them that helpe me: therfore shall I se my de-syre vpon myne enemyes.

It it better to trust in the lorde: then to put any confydence in man.

It is better to trust in the lorde: then to put any confydence in prynces.

All nations compassed me rounde a-boute: but in the name of the lorde wyll I destroye them.

They kept me i on euery side, they kept me in (I saye) on euery syde: but in the name of the lorde, I wyl destroye them.

They came about me lyke Bees: and are extynct, euen as the fyre amonge the thornes, for in the name of the Lorde I wyll destroye them.

Thou hast thrust sore at me, that I myght fall: but the lorde was my helpe.

The

The Lorde is my strength and my songe: and is become my saluacion.

The voyce of ioy and health is in the dwellinges of the righteous: the right hande of the Lorde bryngeth myghtye thynges to passe.

The ryght hande of the lord hath the preeminẽce: the ryght hande of the lorde bryngeth myghtie thinges to passe.

I wyll not dye, but lyue: and declare the workes of the Lorde.

The Lord hath chastened and corrected me: but he hath not geuen me ouer vnto death.

Open me the gates of righteousnes: that I may go into them & geue thãkes vnto the Lorde.

This is the gate of the Lorde: the righteous shall enter into it.

I will thanke thee, for thou hast heard me: and art become my saluacion.

The same stone whiche the builders refused: is become the head stone in the corner.

This was the Lordes doing: and it

is

is meruaylous in our eyes.

This is the daye which the lord hath made: we wyll reioyce and be glad in it.

Helpe (me) nowe, O Lorde: O Lorde sende vs nowe prosperitie.

Blessed be he that cõmeth in the name of the Lord: we haue wyshed you good lucke, ye that be of the house of the lord.

God is the lorde, whiche hath shewed vs lyght: bind the sacrifyce with cordes, yea, euen vnto the hornes of the alter.

Thou art my god, & I wyl thãke the: thou arte my god, & I wyll prayse thee.

O geue thãkes vnto the lord, for he is gracious: & his mercy ẽdureth for euer.

The. Cxix. Psalme.

Beati immaculati.

BLessed are those that are vndefiled in the waye: and walke in the lawe of the Lorde.

Blessed are they that kepe his testimonies: & seke him with their whole hart.

For they whiche doo no wickednes: walke in his wayes.

Thou hast charged, that we shall diligently

ligently kepe thy commaundementes.

O that my wayes were made so dyrecte: that I myght kepe thy statutes.

So shall I not be cõfoũded: whyle I haue respect vnto al thy cõmaũdemẽts.

I wyll thanke thee, with an vnfained heart: whẽ I shal haue lerned the iudgementes of thy righteousnes.

I wil kepe thy ceremonies: O forsake me not vtterly.

In quo corrigit.

Wherewithall shall a yonge manne clense his way: euen by rulyng hym selfe after thy worde.

With my whole harte haue I sought the: O let me not go wrong out of thy commaundementes.

Thy woordes haue I hydde wythin myne hearte: that I shoulde not sinne a gainst thee.

Blessed arte thou, O lorde: O teache me thy statutes.

With my lippes haue I been telling: of all the iudgementes of thy mouth.

I haue had as great delite in the way of thy testimonies: as in all maner of riches.

I wyll

I wyll talke of thy commaundementes: and haue respect vnto thy wayes.

My delyte shalbe in thy statutes: and I wyll not forget thy worde.

O Do well vnto thy seruaunt: that I may liue and kepe thy worde. Retribue seruo tuo.

Open thou myne eyes: that I maye se the wonderous thinges of thy lawe.

I am a straunger vpō yearth: O hyde not thy commaundementes fro me.

My soule breaketh out for the very feruent desire: that it hath alway vnto thy iudgementes.

Thou haste rebuked the proude: and cursed are they that do erre from thy cōmaundementes.

O turne fro me shame and rebuke: for I haue kept thy testimonies.

Princes also did sit and speake agaīst me: but thy seruaunt is occupied in thy statutes.

For thy testiminies are my delyghte: and my counsaylers.

My soule cleueth to the dust: o quicken ȝ me accordīg to thy worde. Adhesit pauimēto anima mea

I haue knowleged my wayes & thou heardest me: O teache me thy statutes.

Make me to vnderstande the way of thy commaundementes: and so shall I talke of thy wonderous workes.

My soule melteth awaye for very heuines: comfort thou me accordinge vnto thy worde.

Take fro me the way of lyng: & cause thou me to make muche of thy lawe.

I haue chosen the waie of trueth: and thy iudgemētes haue I laied before me.

I haue sticken vnto thy testimonies: O Lorde confounde me not.

I wyl runne the way of thy cōmaundementes: whē thou hast set my hearte at libertie.

Legem pone

TEache me, O Lorde, the waye of thy statutes: and I shall kepe it vnto the ende.

Geue me vnderstandyng, and I shall kepe thy lawe: yea, I shall kepe it wyth my whole heart.

Make me to go in the path of thy cōmaundementes: for therin is my desire.

Encline

Enclyne my hearte vnto thy testimonies: and not to couetoulnes.

O turne awaye myne eyes, leste they beholde vanitie: and quicken thou me in thy waye.

O stablishe thy worde in thy seruaũt: that I maye feare thee.

Take awaye the rebuke that I am afrayde of: for thy iudgements are good.

Beholde, my delyghte is in thy commaundementes: O quicken me in thy righteoulnes.

LEt thy louynge mercy come allo vnto me, O Lorde: euen thy salnacion accordynge vnto thy worde. Et veniat super me.

So shal I make ãlwere vnto my blasphemers: for my truste is in thy worde.

O take not the worde of truth vtterly out of my mouth: for my hope is in thy iudgementes.

So shall I alway kepe thy lawe: yea, for euer and euer.

And I wyll walke at libertye: for I seke thy commaundementes.

I wyll speake of thy testimonies allo

euen before kynges: and wyll not be ashamed.

And my delyghte shalbe in thy commaundementes: whiche I haue loued.

My handes also wyll I lyfte vp vnto thy cõmaundemẽtes whiche I haue loued: & my study shalbe in thy statutes.

Memor esto verbi tui.

O Thynke vpon thy seruaunte, as concerning thy woorde: wherein thou hast caused me to put my truste.

The same is my comforte in my trouble: for thy worde hath quickened me.

The proude haue had me exceedyngly in derision: yet haue I not shrinked frõ thy lawe.

For I remẽbred thine euerlastig iudgementes, O lorde: & receyued comforte.

I am horrible afraide: for the vngodly, that forsake thy lawe.

Thy statutes haue been my cõges: in the house of my pilgrimage.

I haue thought vpon thy name, O lord, in the night season: and haue kepte thy lawe.

This I had: because I kept thy commaundementes.

Thou

THou art my portion, O lorde: I haue promised to kepe thy law. Portio mea domine.

I made myne humble petition in thy presence wyth my whole hearte: O be mercyfull vnto me accordynge vnto thy worde.

I call myne owne wayes to remembraunce: and turne my feete into thy testimonies.

I made hast: & prolõged not the tyme to kepe thy commaundementes.

The congregacions of the vngodly haue robbed me: but I haue not forgotten thy lawe.

At midnight wyll I rise, to geue thãkes vnto thee: because of thy righteous iudgementes.

I am a companion of all them that feare thee: & kepe thy cõmaundemẽtes.

The yearth, O lord, is ful of thy mercy: O teache me thy statutes.

OLorde, thou hast dealte graciously wyth thy seruaunt: accordynge vnto thy worde. Bonitatem.

O lerne me true vnderstandyng, and

knowledge: for I haue beleued thy commaundementes.

Before I was troubled I wēt wrong: but nowe I haue kept thy worde.

Thou art good & gracious: O teache me thy statutes.

The proude haue ymagyned a lye against me: but I wil kepe thy commaūdementes with my hole heart.

Their heart is as fat as braune: but my delyght hath been in thy lawe.

It is good for me that I haue been in trouble: that I may learne thy statutes.

The lawe of thy mouth is dearer vnto me: then thousādes of golde & siluer.

Manus tuæ fecerūt me. THy handes haue made me and fashioned me: O geue me vnderstandynge, that I maye learne thy commaundementes.

They that feare thee, wyll be gladde when they see me: because I haue put my trust in thy worde.

I knowe, O lord, that thy iudgemētes are righte: and that thou of very faythfulnes haste caused me to be troubled.

O let

O let thy mercyfull kyndnes be my comforte: accordyng to thy worde vnto thy seruaunt.

O let thy louyng mercyes come vnto me, that I maye lyue: for thy lawe is my delyght.

Let the proude be confoũded, for they go wickedly about to destroy me: but I wyll be occupied in thy cõmaũdemẽtes.

Let suche as feare thee, & haue knowen thy testimonies: be turned vnto me.

O let my heart be sounde in thy statutes: that I be not ashamed.

Deficit.

My soule hath lõged for thy saluacyon: and I haue a good hope, because of thy worde.

Myne eyes longe sore for thy worde: sayeng, O when wilt thou comfort me?

For I am become lyke a bottle in the smoke: yet do I not forget thy statutes.

Howe mony are the dayes of thy seruaunte: when wylt thou be auenged of them that persecute me.

The proude haue digged pittes for me: whiche are not after thy lawe.

All

All thy cõmaũdementes ar true: they persecute me falsly, O be thou my helpe.

They had almost made an end of me vpõ yearth: but I forsoke not thy commaundementes.

O quicken me after thy louyng kyndnes: and so shall I kepe the testimonies of thy mouth.

Inæternum domine.

O Lorde, thy worde: endureth for euer in heauen.

Thy trueth also remayneth from one generacion to another: thou hast layde the foundacion of the yearth, and it abydeth.

They continue this daye, accordynge to thyne ordinaunce: for all thynges serue thee.

If my delight had not ben in thy law: I should haue perished in my trouble.

I will neuer forget thy cõmaũdementes: for w thẽ thou hast quickened me.

I am thyne, oh saue me: for I haue sought thy commaundementes.

The vngodly laid waite for me to destroy me: but I wyll consider thy testimonies

monies.

I se that all thinges cum to an end: but thy cõmaundement is exceding broad.

LORDE, what loue haue I vnto thy lawe: all the daye long is my study in it. Quomodo dilexi.

Thou, through thy cõmaundementes hast made me wiser then myne enemies: for they are euer with me.

I haue more vnderstandyng then my techers: for thy testimonies ar my study.

I am wyser then the aged: because I kept thy commaundementes.

I haue refrayned my feet from euery euyll waye: that I may kepe thy word.

I haue not shrynked from thy iudgementes: for thou teachest me.

O howe swete are thy wordes vnto my throte: yea, sweter thẽ hony vnto my mouth.

Through thy commaundementes I get vnderstandynge: therfore I hate al wycked wayes.

THy worde is a lanterne vnto my feete: & a light vnto my pathes. Lucerna pedibus meis.

I haue

I haue swore, and am stedfastly purposed: to kepe thi righteous iudgemētes.

I am troubled aboue measure: quicken me O lord accordig vnto thy word.

Let the free wyll offeryngs of my mouth please thee, O lorde: and teache me thy iudgementes.

My soule is alwaye in my hande: yet do I not forget thy lawe.

The vngodly haue layde a snare for me: but yet swarued I not from thy cōmaundementes.

Thy testimonyes haue I claymed as myne heritage for euer: and why? they are the very ioy of my heart.

I haue applyed my heart to fulfil thy statutes alwaye: euen vnto the ende.

Iniquos odio habui.

I hate theim that ymagyne euyll thynges: but thy lawe do I loue.

Thou art my defence and shilde: and my trust is in thy worde.

Awaye fro me ye wicked: I will kepe the commaundementes of my God.

O stablyshe me accordynge vnto thy word, that I may liue: and let me not be

dilapoynted of my hope.

Holde thou me vp, & I shalbe safe: yea my delite shalbe euer in thy statutes.

Thou haste troden doune all them that departe from thy statutes: for they ymagen but deceipt.

Thou puttest awaye all the vngodly of the yearth lyke drosse: therfore I loue thy testimonies.

My flesshe trembleth for feare of thee: and I am afrayde of thy iudgementes.

I deale with the thing that is lawfull & righte: O geue me not ouer vnto myne oppressours. Feci iudicium

Make thou thy seruaunt to delighte in that whiche is good: that the proude do me no wronge.

Myne eyes are wasted awaye with lokyng for thy health: and for the woorde of thy righteousnes.

O deale with thy seruaunt accordyng vnto thy louynge mercy: and teache me thy statutes.

I am thy seruaunte: O graunt me vnderstandynge, that I maye knowe thy testimonies.

testimonies.

It is tyme for the lorde to lay to thyne hande: for they haue destroyed thy law.

For I loue thy commaundementes: a boue golde and precious stone.

Therfore holde I strayght all thy cō-maundementes: and all false wayes I vtterly abhorre.

Mirabilia Thy testemonies are wonderfull: therfore doth my soule kepe thē.

When thy worde goeth furth: it geueth lyght & vnderstandynge euen vnto the semple.

I opened my mouth and drewe in my breath: for my delyght was in thy com-maundementes.

O loke thou vpon me, and be mercy-full vnto me: as thou vsest to do vnto those that loue thy name.

Dyrecte my steps in thy word: & so shal no wickednes haue dominion ouer me.

O delyuer me from the wrōgfull dea-lynges of men: and so shall I kepe thy commaundementes.

Shew the light of thy cōtenaūce vp-

on

on thy seruaũt: & teach me thy statutes.

Myne eyes gushe out with water: because men kepe not thy lawe.

Iustus es domine.

Ryghteous art thou, O Lorde: and true is thy iudgement.

Thy testimonies that thou hast commaũded: are exceding righteous & true.

My zeale hathe euen consumed me: because myne enemies haue forgotten thy wordes.

Thy worde is tryed to the vttermost: and thy seruaunt loueth it.

I am small, & of no reputacion: yet do not I forget thy commaundementes.

Thy righteousnes is an euerlastynge righteousnes: & thy lawe is the trueth.

Trouble and heuynesse haue taken holde vpon me: yet is my delight in thy commaundementes.

The righteousnes of thy testimonies is euerlastynge: O graunte me vnderstandynge, and I shall lyue.

Clamaui.

I Cal with my whol hart: heare me O Lord, I wyl kepe thy statutes.

Yea, euen vpõ thee do I cal: helpe me,

and

and I shall kepe thy testimonies.

Early in the mornynge do I crye vnto thee: for in thy worde is my trust.

Myne eies preuēt the night watches: that I might be occupied ī thy wordes.

Heare my voice (O Lord) accordinge vnto thy louynge kyndnesse: quickē me accordynge as thou art wonte.

They drawe nye that of malyce persecute me: and are farre from thy lawe.

Be thou nye at hande, O Lorde: for all thy commaundementes are true.

As concernynge thy testimonies, I haue knowen long synce: that thou hast grounded them for euer.

Vide humilitatē meam

O Cōsider mine aduersity, & deliuer me: for I do not forget thy lawe.

Auenge thou my cause, & deliuer me: quycken me according vnto thy worde.

Health is farre from the vngodly: for they regarde not thy statutes.

Great is thy mercye, O Lorde: quycken me as thou art wont.

Many there are that trouble me, and persecute me: yet do I not swarue from thy

Lo, chyldren & the fruite of the wombe: are an heritage and gifte that commeth of the lorde.

Lyke as the arrowes in the hande of the gyaūt: euē so are the yong chyldren.

Happy is the man, that hath his quiuer full of them: they shall not be ashamed, when they speake with theyr enemies in the gate.

The. C. xxviii. Psalme.

Beati omnes.

A songe of the steares.

BLessed are all they that feare the lorde: and walke in his wayes.

For thou shalte eate the labours of thyne handes: O well is thee, and happy shalte thou be.

Thy wyfe shall be as the fruytefull vyne: vpon the walles of thyne house.

Thy chyldren lyke the Oliue braunches: rounde aboue thy table.

Lo, thus shall the manne be blessed: that feareth the Lorde.

The Lorde from out of Sion, shal so blesse the: that thou shalt see Jerusalem

in prosperitie all thy lyfe longe.

Yea, that thou shalte see thy childers childzen: and peace vpon Israell.

The. C. xxix. Psalme.

Sepe expugnauerunt.

A longe of the steares.

MAny a tyme haue they fought agaynste me fro my youthe vp: (may Israell nowe saye.)

Yea many a tyme haue they vexed me fro my youth vp: but they haue not preuayled agaynst me.

The plowers plowed vpō my backe: and made longe forowes.

But the righteous Lorde: hath hewen the snares of the vngodly in pieces.

Let them be confounded and turned backewarde: as manye as haue euyll wyll at Syon.

Let thē be euen as the grasse growing vpon the houle toppes: whiche wytheretb afore it be plucte vp.

Wherof the mower fylleth not hys hande: neyther he that byndeth vp the sheaues his bolome.

So

So that they whiche go by, say not so much, as the lord prosper you: We wilshe you good lucke in the name of the lorde.

The. C. xxx. Psalme.

De profundis.

A longe of the Stearres.

OUt of the depe haue I called vnto thee O lorde: lord heare my voyce

Oh let thyne eares consider well: the voyce of my complaynt.

If thou lord wilt be extreme to marke what is done amysse: oh Lorde who may abyde it?

For there is mercy with the: therfore shalte thou be feared.

I loke for the Lorde, my soule doeth waite for him: in his worde is my trust.

My soule flyeth vnto the lorde, before the morning watche: (I saye) before the mornynge watche.

O Israel, trust in the lorde, for wyth the lorde there is mercy: and wyth hym is plenteous redempcion.

And he shall redeme Israell: from all his synnes.

The. Cxxxi. Psalme.

Dómine non est exaltatum.

Dauids song of the Steares.

LOrde I am not hye mynded: I haue no proude lookes.

I do not exercise my selfe in great matters: Whiche are to hye for me.

But I refrayne my soule, and kepe it lowe, lyke as a chylde that is wayned from his mother: yea, my soule, is euen as a wayned chylde.

O Israell, truste in the Lorde: from this tyme fourthe for euermore.

The. Cxxxii. Psalme.

Memento domine Dauid.

A song of the Steares.

LOrde, remembre Dauid: and all his trouble.

Howe he sware vnto the Lorde: and vowed a vowe vnto the almightie god of Jacob.

I wyll not come within the tabernacle of my house: nor clime vp into my bed.

I wyll not suffre my eyes to slepe nor my eye lydes to slombre: (neyther the

temples

temples of my head to take any rest.)
Untyll I fynde out a place for the tẽple of the Lorde: an habytacion for the myghty God of Jacob.
Lo, we hearde of the same at Ephrata: and founde it in the woodde.
We wyl go into his tabernacle: & fal lowe on our knees before his footestole.
Aryse, O Lord into thy resting place: thou and the arke of thy strength.
Let thy prestes be clothed with righteousnes: and let thy sayntes sing wyth ioyfulnes.
For thy seruaunt Dauids sake: turne not away the presẽce of thyne anointed.
The Lorde hathe made a faythfull othe vnto Dauid: & he shall not shrinke from it.
Of the fruit of thy body: shall I sette vpon thy seate.
If thy chyldren wyll kepe my couenaunt, and my testimonies that I shall learne them: their children also shall syt vpon thy seate for euermore.
For the lorde hath chosen Sion: to be

an habitacion for him selfe, hath he longed for her.

This shalbe my rest for euer: here will I dwell, for I haue a delight therin.

I will bleſſe her vitayles with increse: and will satisfie her poore with breade.

I will decke her priestes with helthe: and her sayntes shall reioyce, and singe.

There shall I make the horne of Dauid to florishe: I haue ordayned a lanterne for myne anoynted.

As for his enemies, I shall cloth thē with shame: but vpon himselfe shal hys crowne florysshe.

The. cxxxiii. Psalme. Ecce quam bonum

A song of the Steares of Dauid.

BEholde, howe good and ioyfull a thyng it is: brethren to dwell together in vnitie.

It is lyke the precious oyntment vpon the head, that ranne doune vnto the beard: euen vnto Aarōs beard: & went doune to the skyrtes of his clothing.

Lyke the dew of Hermon: whiche fell vpon the hyll of Sion.

For

For there the Lorde promised hys blessinge: and lyfe for euermore.

The.Cxxxiiii.Psalme. A song of the steares.

Ecce nunc benedicite dominum.

BEholde (nowe) prayse the Lorde: all ye seruauntes of the Lorde.

ye that by night stande in the house of the Lorde: (euen in the courtes of the house of our God.)

Lyfte vp your handes in the sanctuary: and prayse the Lorde.

The lord that made heauen & yearth: geue thee blessynge out of Sion.

The.Cxxxv.Psalme.

Laudate nomen domini.

O Praise the lord, laude ye the name of the lord: prayse it, O ye seruaũtes of the Lorde.

ye that stãde in the house of the lorde: in the courtes of the house of our God.

O prayse the lorde, for the lord is gracius: O synge prayses vnto his name for it is louely.

For why, the lorde hath chosen Jacob vnto hymselfe: and Israell for hys

owne possession.

For I know we that the lorde is great: and that our lorde is aboue all goddes.

What soeuer the Lorde pleased, that dyd he in heauen and in yearth: and in the sea, and in all depe places.

He bringeth foorth the cloudes frome the endes of the worlde: & sendeth furth lyghtenynges wyth the rayne, bringing the wyndes out of his treasuries.

He smote the fyrste borne of Egypte: both of man and beast.

He hath sent tokens and wonders into the middest of thee, O thou lande of Egypte: vpon Pharao and all hys seruauntes.

He smote diuers nacions: and slewe myghtye kynges.

Sihon kynge of the Amorites, and Og the kynge of Balan: & all the kyngdomes of Canaan.

And gaue their lād to be an heritage: euē an heritage vnto Israel his people.

Thy name O Lorde endureth for euer: so doth thy memorial, O lord, from one

one generacion to another.

For the lord wyll auenge his people: and be gracious vnto his seruauntes.

As for the Images of the heathē they are but syluer and golde: the woorke of mennes handes.

They haue mouthes and speake not eyes haue they but they se not.

They haue eares aud yet they heare not: neyther is there any breath in theyr mouthes.

They that make them are lyke vnto them: and so are all they that put theyr trust in them.

Prayse the lorde ye house of Israell: prayse the lorde ye house of Aaron.

Prayse the lorde ye house of Leuy: ye that feare the lorde prayse the lorde.

Praysed be the lord out of Sion: which dwelleth at Jerusalem.

Halleluya.

The. CXXVI. Psalme. Confitemini domino.

O Geue thankes vnto the lorde, for he is gracious: and his mercy endureth for euer.

O gyue thankes vnto the God of all goddes, for his mercy endureth for euer.

O thanke the Lord of all Lordes: for his mercy endureth for euer.

Whiche onely doth greate wonders: for his mercy endureth for euer.

Whiche by his wysdome made the heauēs: for his mercy endureth for euer.

Which layed out the yerth aboue the waters: for his mercy endureth for euer.

Whiche hath made great lightes: for his mercy endureth for euer.

The sunne to rule the daye: for hys mercy endureth for euer.

The moone & the sterres to gouerne the nyght: for his mercy endureth for euer.

Whiche smote Egipt with their first borne: for his mercy endureth for euer.

And brought out Israell frō amonge them: for his mercy endureth for euer.

With a mighty hand & stretched out arme: for his mercy endureth for euer.

Whiche deuided the read sea in two partes: for hys mercy endureth for euer.

And

And made Israell to go thorowe the middest of it: for his mercy endureth for euer.

But as for Pharao and his hoste he ouerthrew them in the read sea: for hys mercy endureth for euer.

Which led his people thorow the wildernes: for his mercy endureth for euer.

Whiche smote greate kinges: for hys mercy endureth for euer.

yea and slew mightie kinges: for hys mercy endureth for euer.

Sehon king of the Amorites: for hys mercy endureth for euer.

And Og the king of Basan: for hys mercy endureth for euer.

And gaue away theyr land for an heritage: for his mercy endureth for euer.

Euen for an heritage vnto Israel his seruaũt: for his mercy ẽdureth for euer.

Whiche remembred vs when wee were in trouble: for hys mercy endureth for euer.

And hath delyuered vs from our enemies: for his mercy endureth for euer.

Whiche

Whiche geueth foode to all flesshe: for his mercy endureth for euer.

O geue thankes vnto the god of heauen: for his mercy endureth for euer.

O geue thankes to the lord of lordes: for his mercy endureth for euer.

The. Cxxxvii. Psalme. Of Jeremy.

Super flumina.

BY the water of Babilon we satte doune and wept: when we remẽbred (the O) Sion.

As for our harpes we hanged them vp: vpon the trees that are therin.

For they that led vs captiue, required of vs thẽ a song & melody in our heauines: syng vs one of the songes of Sion.

Howe shal we syng the Lordes song: in a straunge lande?

If I forget thee O Jerusalem: let my right hande forget her connynge.

If I do not remembre thee: let my tõgue cleaue to the rooke of my mouth, yea yf I preferre not Jerusalẽ in my mirth.

Remembre the childzen of Edom: O Lorde in the daye of Jerusalem, howe they

they sayde, doune with it, doune with it euen to the grounde.

O doughter of Babilon, wasted with misery: yea happye shall he bee, that rewardeth thee as thou hast serued vs.

Blessed shall he bee, that taketh thy chyldren: and throweth them agaynste the stones.

The. cxxxviii. Psalme. A Psalme of Dauid.

Confitebor tibi.

I wil geue thākes vnto thee, o lord, with my whole heart: euen before the goddes wil I sing praise vnto thee.

I will worship toward thy holy temple, and prayse thy name, because of thy louinge kindenes and trueth: for thou hast magnified thy name, and thy word aboue all thinges.

When I called vpon thee, thou heardest me: and enduedest my soule wyth muche strength.

All the kynges of the yearthe shall prayse thee O lord: for they haue hearde the wordes of thy mouth.

Yea, they shall synge in the wayes of the

the lorde: that greate is the glorye of the Lorde.

For though the lorde be hye, yet hathe he respecte vnto the lowlye: as for the proude he beholdeth them a farre of.

Though I walke in the myddest of trouble, yet shalt thou refreshe me: thou shalte stretche fourth thyne hande vpon the furiousnes of myne enemyes, & thy right hande shall saue me.

The Lorde shall make good hys louing kindnes towarde me: yea thy mercie, O Lorde, endureth for euer, despyse not then the workes of thyne owne hãdes.

The. cxxxix. Psalme.

Domine probasti.

To the chaunter a Psalme of Dauid.

O Lorde, thou hast searched me out and knowen me: thou knoweste my doune sitting & myne vprising, thou vnderstãdest my thoughtes lõge before.

Thou arte about my path, and about my bed: and spyest out all my wayes.

For loo, there is not a worde in my tongue:

tongue: but thou O lorde knowest it altogether.

Thou hast fashioned me behynd and before: and layde thyne hande vpon me.

Suche knowledge is to wonderfull & excellent for me: I cānot attayn vnto it.

Whither shall I go then from thy spirite: or whither shall I go then from thy presence?

If I clyme vp into heauen, thou arte there: yf I go downe to hell thou arte there also.

If I take the winges of the morning: and remayne in the vttermoste parte of of the sea.

Euen there also shall thy hande leade me: & thy ryght hande shall holde me.

If I saye, parauenture the darkenes shall couer me: then shall my nyght bee turned to daye.

Yea, the darkenesse is no darkenesse wyth thee, but the nyght is all cleare as the daye, the darkenes & lyght (to thee) are bothe alyke.

For my raines are thine: thou hast co-

uered

uered me in my mothers wombe.

I wyll geue thankes vnto thee, for I am fearfully and wonderously made: marueylous are thy woorkes, and that my soule knoweth right well.

My bones are not hid frō the: though I be made secretely and fashioned beneth in the yearth.

Thyne eyes did se my substaunce, yet beyng vnperfect: and in thy booke were all my membres written.

Whiche day by day were fashioned: when as yet there was none of them.

Howe deare are thy counsayles vnto me, O God: O howe great is the soūme of them.

If I tell them, they are mo in nombre then the sande: when I wake vp I am present with thee.

Wilt thou not slay the wycked, o god: departe from me ye bloudthurstie men.

For they speake vnrighteously against thee: and thyne enemies take thy name in vayne.

Do not I hate them O Lorde, that hate

hate thee: & am not I greued wyth those that ryse vp agaynst thee?

Yea I hate them right sore: euen as though they were myne enemyes.

Try me, O God, & seke the grounde of myne hearte: proue me and examen my thoughtes.

Loke well if there be any way of wickednes in me: and leade me in the waye euerlastynge.

The. cxl. Psalme.

Eripe me.

To the Chaunter a Psalme of Dauid.

DElyuer me O Lord frō the euyll man: and preserue me from the wycked man.

Which ymagen mischefe in their hartes: & stirre vp stryfe all the daye longe.

They haue sharpened their tongues lyke a serpent: adders poysen is vnder theyr lippes.

Kepe me, O Lorde, from the handes of the vngodly: preserue me frome the wycked menne, whiche are purposed to ouerthrowe my goynges.

The proud haue layed a snare for me, and spred a net abrode with cordes: yea, and set trappes in my waye.

I sayde vnto the Lorde, thou arte my God: heare the voyce of my prayers, O Lorde.

O Lorde God, thou strength of my health: thou hast couered my hed in thee daye of battayle.

Let not the vngodly haue his desyre O Lorde: let not his mischeuous imagination prosper, lest they be to proude.

Lette the mischyefe of theyr owne lyppes fall vpon the head of them: that compasse me about.

Lette hote burnyng cooles fall vpon them: lette them be caste into the fyre & into the pytte, that they neuer ryse vp agayne.

A mã ful of wordes shal not prospere vpõ the yearth: euill shall hunt the wicked persone, to ouerthrowe hym.

Sure I am that the lorde wyll auẽge the poore: and mayntayne the cause of the helpelesse.

The

The righteous also shall geue thankes vnto thy name: and the iuste shall continue in thy syght.

The. Cxli. Psalme of Dauid.

Domine clamaui.

LOrde, I call vpon thee, haste thee vp to me: and consider my voyce, when I crye vnto thee.

Let my praier be set furth in thy sighe as the incence: and let the lyftyng vp of my handes be an euening sacrifyce.

Set a watche, O Lorde, before my mouthe: & kepe the dore of my lyppes.

O let not myne hearte be inclyned to any euyll thing: let me not be occupyed in vngodly workes with the men that worke wyckednesse, lest I eate of suche thynges as please them.

Lette the righteous rather smyte me frendly: and reproue me.

But lette not theyr precious balmes breake myne heade: yea, I wyl praye yet agaynst their wyckednes.

Let their iudges be ouerthrowen in stony places: that they maye heare my

wordes for they are swete.

Oure bones lye scattered before thee pit: lyke as when one breaketh & heweth wood vpon the yearth.

But myne eyes looke vnto thee, O Lorde God: in thee is my truste, O cast not out my soule.

Kepe me from the snare whiche they haue layd for me: and from the trappes of the wycked doers.

Let the vngodly fall into theyr owne nettes together: & let me euer escape thē.

The. Cxvi. Psalme.

Voce mea ad dominum.

The instruccion of Dauid. a Prayer when he was in the Caue.

I Cryed vnto the Lorde wyth my voyce: yea, euen vnto the Lorde dyd I make my supplycacion.

I powred out my complayntes before hym: and shewed hym of my trouble.

When my spiryte was in heauinesse thou kneweste my pathe: in the waye wherin I walked, haue they pryuelye layed a snare for me.

I loked also vpō my right hand: & se, there

there was no mā that wolde know me.
I had no place to flye vnto: and no man cared for my soule.
I cried vnto thee, O Lorde, and sayd: thou art my hope and my portion in the lande of the lyuinge.
Consider my complaynte: for I am brought very lowe.
O deliuer me from my persecutours: for they are to stronge for me.
Bryng my soule out of prison, that I maye geue thankes vnto thy name: whiche thing yf thou wylt graunte me, then shall the righteous resort vnto my company.

The. cxliii. Psalme of Dauid. when his owne sonne persecuted him

Domine exaudi.

HEare my prayer, o lord, and consider my desyre: herken vnto me for thy truth and righteousnes sake.
And entre not into iudgemente with thy seruaunte: for in thy syghte shall no man lyuynge be iustifyed.
For the enemye hathe persecuted my

soule, he hath smytten my lyfe doune to the grounde: he hathe layde me in the darkenesse, as the men that haue beene longe dead.

Therfore is my spirite vexed wythin me: & my heart within me is desolate.

yet do I remembre the tyme paste, I muse vpon all thy workes: yea I exercise my selfe in the workes of thy hãdes.

I stretche furth my handes vnto the: my soule gaspeth vnto thee, as a thyrsty lande.

Heare me, O Lorde, and that soone, for my spirite wexeth faynte: hyde not thy face from me, lest I be like vnto thẽ that go doune in to the pytte.

O let me heare thy louynge kyndnes betymes in the morninge, for in thee is my trust: shewe thou me the waye that I shoulde walke in, for I lyfte vp my soule vnto thee.

Deliuer me, O Lord, from mine enemyes: for I flye vnto thee to hyde me.

Teache me to do the thyng that pleaseth thee, for thou arte my God: let thy louynge

louinge spirite leade me furth vnto the lande of ryghteoulnes.

Quicken me, O Lord, for thy names sake: & for thy righteoulnes sake bryng my soule out of trouble.

And of thy goodnes slaye myne enemyes: and destroye all them that vexe my soule, for I am thy seruaunt.

The. Cxliiii. Psalme of Dauid.

Benedictus Dominus.

BLessed be the Lorde my strength: whiche teacheth my handes to warre, and my fyngers to fyght.

My hope and my fortresse, my castell, and deliuerer, my defender in whome I truste: whiche subdueth my people that is vnder me.

Lorde, what is man that thou haste suche respecte vnto hym: or the sonne of man, that thou so regardest hym:

Man is lyke a thynge of nought: hys tyme passeth awaye lyke a shadow.

Bowe thy heauens, O Lorde, and come doune: touche the mountaynes & they shall smoke.

Cast

Cast forth the lyghtenynge, and teare them: shote out thyne arrowes and cõsume them.

Sende doune thyne hande frõ aboue: deliuer me, & take me out of the gret waters, frõ the hand of straunge chyldren.

Whose mouth talketh of vanytie: & their ryght hande is a ryghte hande of wyckednes.

I wyll synge a newe songe vnto thee, O god: and singe prayses vnto thee vpon a ten strynged Lute.

Thou that geuest victory vnto kynges: and hast delyuered Dauid thy seruaunt from the perill of the swoorde.

Saue me, and delyuer me from thee hande of straũge children: whose mouth talketh of vanitie, & their ryght hande is a right hande of iniquitie.

That our sonnes maye growe vp as the yonge plantes: and that our doughters maye be as the pollyshed corners of the temple.

That oure garners maye be full and plenteous wyth all maner of store: that

oure

our shepe may bryng forth thoulandes, and ten thoulandes in our stretes.

That our oxen may be stronge to labour, that there be no decay: no leadyng into captiuitie, and no complaynynge in our stretes.

Happy are the people that be in suche a case: yea blessed are the people whiche haue the lorde for theyr God.

The. CXLV. Psalme.

Exaltabo te deus.

A thankes geuinge of Dauid.

I wyll magnifie thee, O God, my kynge: & I wyll prayse thy name for euer and euer.

Euery daye wyll I geue thankes vnto thee: and prayse thy name for euer and euer.

Great is the Lorde, and meruaylous worthye to be prayed: there is no ende of his greatnesse.

One generacion shall prayse thy workes vnto another: & declare thy power.

As for me, I wyll be talkynge of thy worshyp: thy glory, thy prayse, and won-

derous workes.

So that mē shall speake of the might of thy meruelous actes: and I wyl also tell of thy greatnesse.

The memoryall of thyne habundant kyndnesse shalbe shewed: and men shall synge of thy righteousnes.

The lorde is gracious and mercyfull: long suffering, & of great goodnesse.

The lorde is louing vnto euery man. & his mercy is ouer all his workes.

All thy workes prayse the O lorde: & thy saynctes geue thankes vnto thee.

They shewe the glory of thy kyngdome: and talke of thy power.

That thy power, thy glory, and mightynes of thy kyngdom: myght be knowen vnto men.

Thy kyngdome is an euerlastynge kingdome: and thy dominion endureth throwe out all ages.

The lorde vpholdeth all such as fall: and lifteth vp all those that be downe.

The eyes of all wayte vpon thee (O Lorde:) and thou geuest them theyr meate

meate in due season.

Thou openest thyne hand: & fillest all thynges lyuinge with plenteousnes.

The Lorde is ryghteous in all hys wayes: and holy in all workes.

The Lorde is nye vnto all them that call vpon hym: yea al suche as cal vpon him faythfully.

He wyll fulfill the desyre of them that feare him: he also wyll heare theyr crye and wyll helpe them.

The Lorde preserueth all them that loue hym: but scattereth abrode all the vngodly.

My mouth shall speake the prayse of the Lorde: and let all flesshe geue thãkes vnto his holy name for euer and euer.

The. Cxlvi. Psalme.

Lauda anima mea.

A Psalme of Aggeus and zachary.

Allelupah.

PRayse the lorde, o my soule: whyle I lyue wyll I prayse the Lorde, yea, as longe as I haue any beynge I wyll synge prayses vnto my God.

O put not youre truſt in Princes: nor in any childe of mā, for there is no helpe in them.

For When thee breath of man goeth fourthe: he ſhall turne agayne to hys yearth, & then all his thoughtes periſh.

Bleſſed is he that hath the God of Jacob for his helpe: and whoſe hope is in the lorde his God.

Which made heauen and yearth, the ſea, and all that therin is: which kepeth his promyſſe for euer.

Whiche helpeth them to righte that ſuffer Wrong: whiche fedeth the hūgrie.

The lorde loceth men out of pryſō: the lorde geueth ſyght to the blynde.

The lord helpeth them that are fallē: the lorde careth for the righteous.

The lorde careth for the ſtraungers, he defēdeth the fatherles and wydowe: as for the waye of the vngodlye, he turneth it vp ſyde doune.

The lorde thy God, O Sion, ſhall be kyng for euermore: and thorowe out all generacions.

Halleluya.

The

The Cxlvii. Psalme.

Laudate dominum.

O Prayse the Lorde, for it is a good thinge to synge prayse vnto oure God: yea, a ioyfull and a pleasaũt thing is it to be thankefull.

The Lorde doth buylde vp Jerusalem: and gather together the outcastes of Israell.

He healeth those that are broken in hearte: and geueth medicine to heale their syckenesse.

He telleth the nombre of the sterres: and calleth them all by theyr names.

Greate is our Lorde, and great is his power: yea his wyldome is infinitie.

The Lorde setteth vp the meke: and bryngeth thee vngodlye downe to the grounde.

O synge vnto the Lorde with thankes geuing: syng prayse vpon the harpe vnto our God.

Whiche couereth the heauen wyth cloudes, & prepareth rayne for the earth & maketh the grasse to growe vpon the

mountaynes (& herbe for the vse of men.)
Whiche geueth fodder vnto the cattell: and feedeth the young rauens that call vpon hym.
He hathe no pleasure in the strength of an horse: neyther deliteth he in any mannes legges.
But the lordes delite is in them that feare him: & put theyr trust in his mercy.
Prayse the lorde, O Jerusalem: prayse thy God, O Sion.
For he hath made faste the berres of thy gates: and hath blessed thy chyldren wythin thee.
He maketh peace in thy borders: and fylleth thee wyth the floure of Wheat.
He sendeth furth his cõmaundemente vpon yearth: and his Worde runneth very swyftely.
He geueth snowe lyke wolle: and scatereth the hoare frost lyke ashes.
He casteth furth his yse lyke morsels: who is able to abyde his frost?
He sendeth out his worde and melteth them: he bloweth with his wynde and the

the waters flowe.

He sheweth his word vnto Jacob: his statutes & ordinaunces vnto Israell.

He hath not dealt so wyth any nacō: neyther haue the heathen knowlege of his lawes.

The. Cxlviii. Psalme.

Laudate dominum de celis.

Hallelujah.

Prayse the euerlasting.

O Prayse the Lorde of heauē: praise him in the heyght.

Prayse him al ye Angels of his praise him all ye hoost.

Prayse hym Sunne & Moone: prayse hym all ye sterres and lyght.

Prayse hym all ye heauens: and ye waters that be aboue the heauens.

Let them praise the name of the lord: for (he spake the worde, and they were made) he cōmaūded, & they were created

He hath made them fast for euer and euer: he hath geuen them a lawe, which shall not be broken.

Prayse the lorde vpon yearth: ye dra-

gons, and all depes.

Fyre and hayle, snowe and vapors: wynde and storme, fulfillyng his word.

Mountaynes and all hylles: fruitfull trees and all Ceders.

Beastes and all catell: wormes and fethered foules.

Kynges of the yearth and all people: prynces and all Iudges of the worlde.

Yonge men and maydens, olde men and chyldren, prayse the name of thee lorde: for his name onely is excellente, and his prayse aboue heauē and yearth.

He shal exalte the horne of his people, all his saynctes shall prayse hym: euen the chyldren of Israell, euen the people that serueth hym.

The. Cxlix. Psalme.

Cantate domino.

Halleluyah.

Prayse the euerlasting.

O Syng vnto the lord a newe song: let the congregacion of saynctes prayse hym.

Let Israell reioyce in hym that made hym

him: and let the childzen of Sion be ioy-
full in theyz kinge.

Lette them prayle hys name in the
daunce: let them syng prayses vnto him
with tabzet and harpe.

For the lozde hath pleasure in his peo-
ple: and helpeth the meke hearted.

Let the saincttes bee ioyfull with glo-
ry: let them reioyce in their beddes.

Lette the prayses of God be in theyz
mouth: and a two edged swozd in theyz
handes.

To be auenged of the heathen: and to
rebuke the people.

To bynde theyz kynges in chaynes:
and their nobles with linkes of yron.

That they maye be auenged of them
as it is wzitten: suche honoz haue al his
saynctes. Alleluah.

The. Cl. Psalme. Laudate dominum.

Alleluyah.

O prayse GOD in his holynesse:
prayse him in the firmamēt of his
power.

Prayse him in his noble Actes: prayse
him

him accordyng to his excellēt greatnes.
Prayse hym in the soūde of the trūpet: praise hym vpon the Lute and Harpe.
Prayse him in the cimbales & daunce: prayse him vpon the stringes and pype.
Prayse hym vpon the well tuned cimbals: praise him vpon the loud cimbals.
Let euery thynge that hathe brethe: prayse the Lorde.

Halleluyah.

Prayse the euerlastinge.

The ende of the Psalter.

Te deum laudamus.

The prayse of God the father, the sonne, and the holy goost.

WE prayse the, O god we knowledge thee to be the Lorde.
All the yearth doth wurship thee the father euerlastyng.
To the al Angels cry aloude, the heauens and all the powers therin.
To thee Cherubin & Seraphin continually do crye.
Holy. holy. holy Lorde God of Sabaoth.

heauen

heauen and yearth, are replenished with the maiestie of thy glory.

The glorious company of the Apostles prayse thee.

The godly felowshippe of the Prophetes, prayse thee.

The noble armye of Martirs, prayse thee.

The holy churche, throughout all the worlde doeth knowledge the.

The father of an infinite maiestie.

The honorable, true, & onely sonne.

The holy gost also being the cõforter.

Thou art the king of glory O Christ.

Thou arte the euerlastynge sonne of the father.

When thou tokest vpon thee to delyuer man: thou dyddest not abhorre the virgins wombe.

When thou haddest ouercome the sharpenes of death: thou dyddest open the kyngdome of heauē to all beleuers.

Thou syttest on the ryghte hande of God: in the glory of the father.

We beleue that thou shalt come to be

oure

our iudge.

We therfore praye thee, helpe thy seruantes: whom thou hast redemed wyth thy precious bloude.

Make them to be numbred wyth thy saynctes: in glory euerlastynge.

O Lorde saue thy people: and blesse thyne heritage.

Gouerne them: and lyfte them vp for euer.

Day by day: we magnifie thee.

And we wurshyppe thy name: euer worlde without ende.

Vouchesafe O Lorde, to kepe vs this daye without sinne.

O Lorde haue mercye vpon vs, haue mercy vpon vs.

O Lorde, let thy mercy lyghten vpon vs: as our trust is in thee.

O Lord, in thee haue I trusted, let me neuer be confounded.

Benedicite omnia opera domini.

O All ye workes of the Lord, speake good of the lorde: prayse hym, and set hym vp for euer.

O ye

O ye Angels of the Lord, speake good of the Lorde: prayse hym, and sette hym vp for euer.

O ye heauēs, speake good of the lord: prayse hym, and set him vp for euer.

O ye waters that be aboue the firmamente, speake good of the Lorde: prayse hym, and set hym vp for euer.

O all ye powers of the Lorde, speake good of the Lorde: prayse hym, and set hym vp for euer.

O ye Sunne & Moone, speake good of the Lorde: prayse him, and set him vp for euer.

O ye sterres of heauen, speake good of the lorde: prayse hym, and set hym vp for euer.

O ye showers and dewe, speake good of the lorde: praise him, and sette him vp for euer.

O ye wyndes of god, speake good of the Lorde: prayse him, a nd set hym vp for euer.

O ye fier & heate prayse ye the Lorde: pra yse hym, and set him vp for euer.

O ye wynter and summer, speake

good

good of the Lorde: prayse hym, and set hym vp for euer.

O ye delues and frostes, speake good of the Lorde: prayse him, and set him vp for euer.

O ye froste and colde, speake good of the Lorde: prayse hym, and set hym vp for euer.

O ye yse and snowe, speake good of the Lorde: prayse hym, and set hym vp for euer.

O ye nightes and dayes, speake good of the Lorde: praise him, and set him vp for euer.

O ye lyght & darkes, speake good of the Lorde: prayse hym, and sette him vp for euer.

O ye lyghtenynges & cloudes, speake good of the Lorde: prayse hym, and set hym vp for euer.

O let the yearthe speake good of the Lorde: yea, let it prayse him, and set him vp for euer.

O ye mountaynes and hilles speake good of the Lorde: prayse hym, and set hym vp for euer.

O al

O al ye grene thinges vpō the yearth
speake good of the Lorde: prayse hym
and set him vp for euer.

O ye welles, speake good of the lorde:
prayse hym, and set hym vp for euer.

O ye seas and floudes, speake good
of the Lorde: prayse hym, and set hym
vp for euer.

O ye whales, and all that moue in the
waters, speake good of the lorde: prayse
hym, and, set hym vp for euer.

O all ye foules of the ayre, speke good
of the Lorde: prayse hym, and set hym
vp for euer.

O all ye beastes and cattell, speake ye
good of the Lorde: prayse hym, and set
hym vp for euer.

O ye children of men, speake good of
the Lorde: prayse him, and set hym vp
for euer.

O lette Israell speake good of the
Lorde: prayse hym, and lette hym vp
for euer.

O ye priestes of the lorde, speake good
of the Lorde: prayse hym, and set hym
vp for euer.

O ye

O ye seruauntes of the Lord, speake good of the Lorde: prayse hym, and set hym vp for euer.

O ye spirites and soules of the righteous, speake good of the Lorde: prayse hym, and set hym vp for euer.

O ye holy and humble men of heart, speake ye good of the Lorde: prayse ye hym and set hym vp for euer.

O Ananias, Azarias, and Misaell, speake ye good of the Lorde: prayse ye hym, and set hym vp for euer.

Glory be to the father, & to the sonne: and to the holy goost.

As it was in the beginning, is nowe, & euer shalbe: World without end. Amē.

The songe of Zacharye. Benedictus.

Thankes geuinge for the performaunce of Goddes promes.

BLessed be the Lorde God of Israell: for he hathe visited and redemed his people.

And hath lyfted vp an horne of saluacion to vs: in the house of his seruaunte Dauid.

As he spake by the mouth of his holy

Prophetes

Prophetes: whiche hathe been synce the worlde began.

That we shoulde be saued from oure enemies: and from the handes of all that hate vs.

To perfourme the mercy promysed to oure fathers: and to remembre his holy couenaunte.

To performe the othe which he sware to our father Abraham: that he woulde geue vs.

That we being dileuered oute of the hādes of our enemyes: myght serue him without feare.

In holynes and righteousnes before hym: all the dayes of oure lyfe.

And thou chylde, shalte be called the Prophet of the hyghest: for thou shalte go before the face of the lorde, to prepare his wayes.

To geue knowledge of saluacion vnto his people, for the remission of theyr synnes.

Through thee tender mercy of oure God: whereby the daye spring from an highe hathe visited vs.

To geue lyght to the that sit in darknes and in the shodow of death: and to guide our feete into the waye of peace.

Glory be to the father & to thee sonne: and to the holy ghost.

As it was in the beginning, is now, & euer shalbe: world without ende. Amē.

Magnificat.

The song of Mary reioysyng and prasinge the goodnes of God.

My soule doeth magnifie the lorde: And my spirite hathe reioyced in God my sauiour.

For he hathe regarded the lowlynes of his handmayden.

For beholde, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.

For he that is mightye and magnified me: and holye is his name.

And his mercy is on them that feare him, throughout all generations.

He hathe shewed strength with hys arme: he hathe scattered the proude in the ymagination of theyr heartes.

He hath put doune the mightie from theyr seate: and hathe exalted the hvmble

and

and meke

He hath fylled the hũgrye with good thynges: and the ryche he hath sent awaye emptie

He remembrynge his mercy, hath holpen his seruaunt Israell: as he promysed to oure fathers, Abraham and his seed for euer

Glory be to the father, & to the sonne: and to the holy ghost.

As it was in the beginning, is nowe & euer shalbe: world without ende. Amẽ.

Nunc dimittis.

The song of Symeon the iust.

LOrde, nowe lettest thou thy seruaunte departe in peace: accordynge to thy worde

For myne eyes haue seen: thy saluacyon

Whyche thou hast prepared: before the face of all people

To be a lyghte for to lyghte the Gentyles: and to be the glory of thy people Israell

Glory be to the father, & to the sonne: and to the holy ghost

℣ As it was in the beginning, is nowe, and euer shalbe: worlde wythout ende. Amen.

Quicunque vult.

Whosoeuer wyll be saued: before all thinges it is necessary that he holde the Catholyke faith.

Whiche faythe excepte euery one do kepe holy & vndefyled: without doubte he shall perishe euerlastyngly.

And the Catholike faith is this: that we worshipe one God in Trinitie, and Trinitie in vnitie.

Neyther confoundynge the persons: nor deuydinge the substaunce.

For there is one persone of the father, another of thee sonne: & another of the holy ghost.

But the godheade of the father, of the sonne, and of the holy ghost, is all one: the glory equall, the maiestie coeternall.

Suche as the father is, suche is thee sunne, and suche is the holy ghost.

The father vncreate, the sonne vncreate: and the holy ghost vncreate.

The father incõprehensible, the sonne incom-

incomprehensible: and the holye ghoste incomprehensible.

The father eternall, the sonne eternall: and the holy ghost eternall.

And yet they are not three eternalles: but one eternall.

As also there be not three incomprehensibles, nor three vncreated: but one vncreated and one incomprehensible.

So likewyse, the father is almightie: the sonne almightie and the holy ghoste almightie.

And yet are they not three almighties: but one almyghtie.

So the father is God, the sonne God and the holy ghost God.

And yet are they not three Goddes: but one God.

So lykewyse the father is Lord, the sonne Lorde, and the holy ghost Lord. And yet not three lordes: but one lorde.

For lyke as we be compelled by the chrystian veritie: to acknowlege euerye person by himselfe to be god and Lord.

So are we forbydden by the Catholyke religion: to saye there be three godlyke

des or three Lordes.

The father is made of none: neyther created nor begotten.

The sonne is of the father alone: not made nor created, but begotten.

The holy ghost is of the father and of the sonne: neyther made nor created, nor begotten, but procedyng.

So there is one father, not three fathers, one sonne, not three sonnes: one holy ghost, not three holy ghostes.

And in the trinitye, none is afore nor after other: none is greatter nor lesse then other.

But the whole three persones: be coeternall together and coequall.

So that in al thynges, as it is afore sayd: the vnitie in trinitie, and the trinitie in vnitie, is to be worshipped.

He therfore that wyll be saued: must thus thinke of the trinitye.

Furthermore, it is necessarye to euerlastynge saluacion: that he also beleue ryghtly in the incarnacion of our Lorde Jesu Chryste.

For the right fayth is, that we beleue

and

and confesse: that oure Lorde Jesus Chryste the sonne of God, is God and man.

God of the substaunce of the father begotten before the worldes: and man of the substaunce of his mother, borne in the worlde.

Perfecte God and perfecte man, of a reasonable soule, and humayne flesshe subsysting.

Equall to the father as touching hys Godhead: & inferior to the father touching his manhoode.

Who although he be God and man: yet is he isnot two but one Christe.

One not by conuersacion of the Godheade into flesshe: but by takynge of thee manhoode into God.

One altogether, not by confusion of substaunce: but by vnytie of person.

For as the reasonable soule and flesshe is one mā: So god & man is one Christ.

Who suffered for our saluacion: descended into hell, rose agayne the thirde daye from the dead.

He ascēded into heauē, he sitteth on the right

right hande of the father, God almyghty from whence he shall come to iudge the quicke and deade.

At whose commynge all mē shall rise agyne with theyr bodies: and shall gene accompte of theyr owne workes.

And they that haue done good, shall go into lyfe euerlastinge: and they that haue done euyll, into euerlastinge fyre.

This is the Catholyke fayth: whiche excepte a man beleue faythfully, he can not be saued.

Glory be to the father. &c.

As it was in the begynnyng. &c.

The Latany and Suffrages.

O God the father of heauē: haue mercy vpō vs miserable sinners

O God the father of heauen: haue mercy vpon vs miserable synners.

O God the sonne, redemer of the world: haue mercy vpō vs miserable synners.

O God the sonne redemer of the worlde: haue mercy vpon vs miserable sinners.

O God, the holy ghost, procedinge from the father and the sonne: haue mercy vpon vs miserable sinners.

O God

O God the holy goost proceedyng from the father and the sonne: haue mercy vpon vs miserable synners.

O holy, blessed, and glorious Trinitie, three persons and one God: haue mercy vpon vs miserable synners.

O holy, blessed & glorious Trinitie, three persons & one god: haue mercy vpon vs miserable synners.

Remembre not Lorde, our offences, nor the offences of our forefathers, neyther take thou vengeaunce of oure synnes: Spare vs good Lord, spare thy people whome thou haste redemed with thy moost precious bloud, and be not angry with vs for euer.

Spare vs good Lorde.

From all euil and mischefe, from sinne, from the craftes and assautes of the deuyll, from thy wrath, and from euerlastynge damnation

Good lorde deliuer vs.

From blyndnes of hearte, from pryde, vaineglory, & hypocrisie, from enuie, hatred, and malice, & all vncharitablenes:

Good lorde deliuer vs.

From fornication, and al other deadlye synne, and from all the deceytes of the worlde the flesche, and the deuyll:

Good lorde delyuer vs.

From lyghtnynge and tempest, frome plage, pestilence and famyne, frō battel, and murdre, and from sodayne death:

Good lorde delyuer vs.

From all sedicion and priuie conspiracie from the tiranny of the Bishop of Rome, and all his detestable enormities, from all false doctryne and herely, from hardenes of heart and contempte of thy worde and commaundemente:

Good lorde delyuer vs.

By the mistery of thy holy incarnacion, by thy holy natiuitie and circumcision, by thy baptisme, fastyng, & temptacion:

Good lorde delyuer vs.

By thine agonie & bloudy sweat, by thy crosse & passion, by thy precious death & buriall, by thy glorious resurrection, & ascenciō, by the cōming of the holy gost:

Good lorde delyuer vs.

In all tyme of our tribulaciō, in al tyme of oure welthe, in the houre of death, in the daye of iudgement:

Good lorde delyuer vs.

We synners do beseche thee to heare vs, O lord god, & that it may please thee to rule

rule and gouerne thy holy churche vniuersall in the ryght waye:

We beseche thee to heare vs good Lorde.

That it may plese the to kepe Edward the sixt, thy seruāt our king & gouernor:

We beseche thee to heare vs good Lorde.

That it may please the to rule his hart in thy fayth feare and loue, that he may alwayes haue affiaūce in thee, and euer seke thy honour and glory.

We beseche thee to heare vs good Lorde.

That it may please the to be his defendour and keper geuynge him the victory ouer all his enemyes.

We beseche the to heare vs good Lorde.

That it maye please thee to illuminate all Bishoppes, pastours, & ministers of the church with true knowlege & vnderstandynge of thy worde, & that bothe by theyr preachinge & lyuinge, they maye set it fourthe, and shewe it accordyngly:

We beseche thee to heare vs good Lorde.

That it may please the to endue the lordes of the coūsayle, and all the nobilitie, with grace, wisdome, & vnderstanding.

We beseche thee to heare vs good Lorde.

That it may please thee to blesse & kepe

the magistrates, geuinge them grace to execute iustice, & to mayntayne trueth:
We beseche thee to heare vs good Lord.
That it maye please thee to blesse and kepe all thy people:
We beseche thee to heare vs good Lorde.
That it maye please thee to geue to all nacions, vnitie, peace and concorde:
We beseche thee to heare vs good lorde.
That it maye please thee to geue vs an heart to loue, and dread the, and diligētlye to lyue after thy commaundemētes:
We beseche thee to heare vs good Lorde.
That it maye please thee to geue al thy people increase of grace, to heare meklie thy worde: & receyue it with pure affection, and to bryng fourth the fruites of the spirit:
We beseche thee to heare vs good Lorde.
That it maye please thee to bryng into the waye of truth all suche as haue erred, and are deceyued:
We beseche thee to heare vs good Lorde.
That it maye please thee to strengthen such as do stāde, and to conforte & helpe the weake-hearted, and to rayse vp thē that fall, and fynallye to beate downe

Satan

Satan vnder oure feete.

We beseche the to heare vs good Lorde.

That it maye please thee to succoure, helpe & conforte, all that be in daunger, necessitie, and tribulacion.

We beseche the to heare vs good Lorde.

That it maie please thee to preserue all that trauayle by lande or by water, all womẽ labouryng of childe, al sycke persons and young chyldren, and to shewe thy pitie vpon all prisoners & captiues:

We beseche thee to heare vs good lorde.

That it maye please thee to defend and prouide for the fatherles chyldrẽ & widdowes, & al that be desolat & oppressed

We beseche the to heare vs good lorde.

That it maye please the to haue mercy vpon all men:

We beseche the to heare vs good lorde.

That it maye please thee to forgeue our enemies, persecutours & slaunderours, and to turne their heartes.

We besech thee to heare vs good lorde.

That it maye please thee to geue and preserue to our vse, the kindly fruites of the yearth, so as in due tyme we maye enioye them.

We beseche thee to heare vs good lorde.

That it may please thee to geue vs true repentaunce, to forgeue vs all oure sinnes, negligences and ignoraunces, and to endue vs wyth the grace of thy holye spirite, to amende our lyues accordynge to thy holy worde.

We beseche the to heare vs good lorde.

Sonne of god: we beseche thee to heare vs.

Sonne of God: we beseche thee to heare vs.

O lambe of God, that takest away the synnes of the worlde:

Graunte vs thy peace.

O lambe of God that takest away the synnes of the worlde:

Haue mercy vpon vs.

O Christ heare vs.

O Chryste heare vs.

Lorde haue mercy vpon vs.

Lorde haue mercy vpon vs.

Christe haue mercy vpon vs.

Christ haue mercy vpon vs.

Lorde haue mercy vpon vs.

Lorde haue mercy vpon vs.

Oure father whiche art in heauen. &c.

And leade vs not into temptacion.

But delyuer vs from euyll Amen.

The

O Lorde deale not wyth vs after oure synnes.

Aunswere.

Neyther rewarde vs after oure iniquities.

Let vs praye.

O God mercyfull father, that despisest not the syghing of a contryte heart, nor the desire of such as be sorowfull, mercyfully assiste our prayers that we make before thee in all our troubles & aduersities, whensoeuer they oppresse vs: And graciously heare vs, that those euils which the craft and subtelty of the deuil or man worketh agaynste vs, be brought to nought, & by the prouidence of thy goodnesse they maye be dispersed, that we thy seruauntes being hurt by no persecutions, maye euermore geue thankes vnto thee, in thy holy church, through Jesus Christ our lorde.

O Lorde aryse, helpe vs, and delyuer vs for thy names sake.

O God we haue heard with our eares, & oure fathers haue declared vnto vs, the noble workes that thou dyddest in their dayes, & in the old time before thē.

O Lorde

O Lorde aryse, helpe vs and delyuer vs for thyne honour.

Glory be to the father, the sonne, & to the holy goste: as it was in the beginning, is now & euer shalbe worlde without end.

Amen.

Frō our enemies defende vs O Christ:

Graciously loke vpon our afflections.

Pitifully beholde thee sorowes of oure hearte:

Mercyfully for geue the sinnes of thy people.

Fauorable wyth mercy heare oure prayers.

O sonne of Dauid haue mercy vpon vs.

Bothe nowe & euer vouchsafe to heare vs Christ:

Graciously heare vs, O Christ, graciously heare vs, O lorde Christ.

The versicle.

O Lorde, let thy mercy be shewed vpon vs.

The answere.

As we do put our trust in the.

Let vs praye.

WE humblye beseche thee O father, mercifully to loke vpō our infirmities, and for the glory of thy name sake turne

turne from vs all thole euyls that we moste righteouslye haue deserued: And graunt that in all our troubles we may put oure whole truste and confidence in thy mercye, and euermoze serue thee in purenes of liuing, to thy honoz and glorye: through our onely mediatour & aduocate Jesus Chryste our Lozde.

Amen.

ALmightie God, whiche hast geuen vs grace at this tyme with one accozde to make our commune supplicacion vnto thee, and doest promise that when two oz thre be gathered in thy name thou wylt grant their requestes: fulfyll nowe, O lozde, the desyres and peticions of thy seruaũtes as may be most expedient foz them: graunting vs in this wozld knowledge of thy trueth, and in the wozld to come lyfe euerlasting.

Amen.

✠

The ende of the Latine.

A table containynge the names of the Psalmes after the order of the Alphabet.

A

Ad te domine leuaui. xxv.
Ad te dñe clamaui. xxviii.
Afferte domino. xxix.
Audite hec omnes gentes. xlix.
Attendite populi meus. lxxviii.
Ad dñm cum tribularer. cxx.
Ad te leuaui aiam meam. cxxiii

B

Beatus vir qui non abiit i.
Beati quorum. xxxii.
Benedicam domino. xxxiiii.
Beatus qui intelligit. lxi.
Benedixisti domine. lxxxv.
Bonum est confiteri. xci.
Benedic anima mea. i. ciii.
Benedic anima mea. ii. civ.
Beatus vir qui timet. cxi.
Beati immaculati. cxix.
Beati omnes. cxxviii.
Benedictus dñs. cxliiii

C

Cum inuocarem iiii.
Confitebor tibi. ix.
Concerua me domine. xvi.
Celi enarrant. xix.
Confitebimur tibi. lxxv.
Cantate domino. i. xcvi.
Cantate domino. xcviii
Confitemini domino. cv.
Confitemini domino. cvi.
Confitemini domino. cvii.
Confitebor tibi dñe. cxi.
Confitemini dño. cxviii.
Confitemini dño. cxxxvi.
Confitebor tibi. cxxxviii.
Cantate domino. cxlix.

D

Domine quid Psal. iii.
Domine ne in furore. vi.
Domine deus meus. vii.
Domine dominus noster. viii
Dixit insipiens. xiiii.
Domine quis habitabit. xv.
Diligam te dñe xviiii.
Domine in virtute tua. xxi.
Deus deus meus xxii.
Dominus regit me. xxiii
Domini est terra. xxiiii.
Dominus illuminacio xxvii
Dixit iniustus. xxxvi.
Domene ne in furore. xxxviii.
Dixi custodiam. xxxix.
Deus auribus nostris. xliiii.
Deus noster refugium. lxvi.
Deus deorum dñs. l.
dixit insipiens. liii.
Deus in nomine tuo. liiii.
Deus repulisti nos. lx
Deus deus meus. lxii.
Deus misereatur nostri lxvii.
Deus in adiutorium. lxx.
Deus iudicium. lxxii.
Deus venerunt gentes. lxxix.
Deus steterit in synagoga. lxxxii.
Deus quis similis. lxxxiii.
Domine deus salutis. lxxxviii.
Domine refugium. xc.
Dominus regnauit. xcvii.
Deus vltionum. xciiii.
Dominus regnauit. xcvii.
Dominus regnauit. xcix.
Domine ex audi. ci.
Deus laudem meam. cix.
Dixit dominus. cx.
Dilexi quoniam. cxvi.
De profundis. cxxx.
Domine non est. cxxxi.
Domine probasti. cxxxix.
Domine clamaui. cxli.
Domine exaudi. cxliii.

E

Exaudi dñe iusticiam. xvii.
Exaudi te deus. xx.
Exaltabo te dñe xxx.
Exultate iusti in domino. xxxiii
Expectans expectaui. xl.
Eructauit cor meum. xlv.